Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1923

THE SILENT POINT OF VIEW

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

As the international crisis develops month by month through stages each more acute and threatening than the last, it becomes evident that the progress of events is not following the pronouncements of statesmen and diplomats, nor the technical advice of experts, but is guided by some irresistible if obscure power which does not make itself heard in the journals or from the rostra. It is the power of the will of the people—of the silent point of view.

Is it shame, caution or pure inarticulateness which keeps this great body of opinion from expressing itself in words; and leaves the field of discussion free to the idealists and the economists who have engaged in strenuous polemics, the one upon the field of honour, the other in the bankruptcy court? It may be shame, since man, conscious of the essentially selfish nature of his own desires and intentions, is apt to find silence the only means of maintaining an undisturbed inconsistency. He may yield lip-service, but he does not allow altruism, penetrating his intellect through his ear drums, to come into contact with the source of impelling practical action situated in the pit of his stomach. It may be caution. The man of action, the common man, feels his way through facts and is suspicious both of the logical emprincipled policies and of the presumptuous simplification of intricate situations which are too often the solvents of the intellectual theorist. And finally it may be mere dumbness.

Copyright, 1923, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The great controlling forces in human nature are largely subconscious. In this case it is quite probable that the instincts and intuitions which are the determinants of each group's motives and policies and which are expressing themselves in their actions are still largely inarticulate because they are so little realized.

By as much as these controlling points of view are silent ones, it is proportionately foolhardy for one to attempt to set them out in due order for inspection. Nevertheless, for the purpose of a clear understanding, it is better to risk some error and exaggeration than it is to continue to gloze over these underlying and powerful national wills in a mist of idealism or in cobwebs of mathematical formulæ.

In the first place it must be noted that all the victor nations have, since the war, elected governments from their Conservative parties, by more or less overwhelming majorities. England, entrusting itself at first to a coalition of the Right, was not satisfied with this semi-conservatism, and eventually placed in the saddle the "Diehards", or Extreme Right. Italy has a reasonably constitutional dictator, whose policies are ultra-reactionary and whose methods are almost Napoleonic. Italy is happy. France overwhelmingly confirmed her octogenarian Premier, the Tiger, and has since maintained in power his successors in the leadership of the Conservative wing. The United States gave an unprecedented majority to a Conservative, and proceeded to try to return to normalcy. What should one deduce from this unanimity of political opinion among the majorities in the great victor states? They seem to reject internationalism, social or economic reform, in fact all forms of political idealism. Instead they choose a restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, ultra-nationalism, and a pursuit of the hard road back to economic integrity. After a great and successful hazard, the victorious peoples instinctively play safe and return to the worship of the old gods.

By way of contrast it is worth noting that many of the vanquished peoples have fallen into the hands of Radicals who have added to the dolours of defeat the mischief of disastrous experiments in social organization and the errors of inexperience. Perhaps this has been a desperate seeking for succour in strange

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places. Perhaps it is merely the result of disorganization and dismemberment.

But this apparent unanimity of mood in the victorious nations, which has been so striking a feature of the after-war period, is most deceptive. It has not led to unanimity of action or to coöperation among the erstwhile allies. For each people has returned to the worship of its own old gods, and the gods are as diverse as ever they were.

The genius of the English is an unemotional common sense. And their point of view is essentially economic. Englishmen now admit quite frankly that they entered the war because their commercial empire was at stake—because they perceived that, after an increasingly bitter commercial rivalry, Germany had come to the point of using force to stack the cards in the game against them. But, after forestalling this coup, there remains remarkably little rancour against the late enemy in the English mind.

Although, fresh from the heat of conflict, the English voted overwhelmingly for a policy of punishments and payments, they now realize that this little piece of vengeance was quite impractical and they have gone over rather to the opposite extreme. Foremost in the Englishman's mind is the great internal problem of finding employment for the surplus population. This is crucial, for it is frankly stated that had it not been for the allowance ("dole") to the unemployed, inaugurated immediately after the war, there would certainly have been a revolution in England. The "dole" adds immensely to taxation, which as a subject of conversation in England occupies the same position as Prohibition in the United States. To relieve this unemployment and escape from its expensive temporary remedy, the English require a revival of world trade which has grown to be a preponderant factor in their industrial activity. And it is quite natural for them to look for this trade to return through the old and well worn channels. They believe that the first essential is the restoration of the buying power of Germany, England's largest customer before the war. To this end the action required is a reduction of the Reparations bill to an amount which is not only possible of payment but which will not exhaust

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the resources of the debtor; the withdrawal of France from German territory and avoidance of any hampering military activities in future; and some form of external financial assistance which will enable Germany to set its house in order and commence the long, up-hill climb to solvency.

English financial writers and business men generally seem to believe that England will gain more from restored commercial activity than she will lose from whatever reduction of her share of Reparations and cancellation of her Inter-Allied credits is necessary in order to purchase the release of Germany from a crushing burden. This enlightened but essentially financial attitude is not yet general, perhaps no more so than is its counterpart in America. "Plain men" express their inability to follow the reasoning of the "financial highbrows", and see England crushed under a burden of taxation because she honestly pays her debts and "madly" forgives her debtors. Nevertheless the disagreement may be expressed in terms of business policy and is essentially a question of financial wisdom, though it casts some doubt upon the freedom of any English ministry to accept an eventual settlement on quite so generous a basis as we have been led by public expressions to expect.

There is a relatively small body of mid-Victorian, idealistic, Liberal opinion in England which supports internationalism in the form of the League of Nations and works for a Wilsonian world peace. But the moderate or intermediate group is, at the present juncture, less numerous than usual and one or the other of the two extremes has attracted the great mass of voters. Of these the one, of which the characteristic is a head of adamantine hardness, is decidedly nationalist or imperial in viewpoint. The other, of which the characteristic is a head with a screw loose somewhere, though internationalist in vision, suspects the present gifts because Greeks bear them and thinks no good can come out of a capitalists' Nazareth. So long as the ministry is Unionist, England's continental policy will probably continue to be politic, expedient, even amiable, toward the Europeanized League, quietly but persistently opposed to the French, and tonic to the Central European Impotents. Should the opposition Labour Party assume the direction of affairs, the same tendencies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are likely to continue, though the reasons therefor, as will doubtless carefully be explained, will be quite different. The circumspect attitude toward the League will be due to suspicions as to its origins and controlling influences; the opposition to France will be anti-militaristic instead of diplomatic; and the friendliness toward Germany and Austria will arise from the fellowship of the new social ideals, rather than from commercial instincts.

Underlying these keenly appreciated national interests is the emotional background which, though less conspicuous and powerful among the English than is usual elsewhere, is nevertheless a force to be reckoned with. The English dislike, in fact despise, the French. To them the French seem racially decadent, politically romantic and emotional, and on the decline as a great power and an important industrial factor. The lack of common sense in fiscal affairs demonstrated in French policy irritates the Englishman and he considers this inability to face facts to be due to a form of intellectual legerdemain that borders on dishonesty. On the other hand he feels a strong racial sympathy for the true Teutonic Germans, though not for their "square-head" leaders. He finds them an honest, effective people, whose civilization is progressive, and whom he can understand and trust. Undoubtedly there is now ripening the seed of a new Entente which will find England on the side of the Germanic peoples as against the Latins.

And curiously enough this seems to be at least partially due to an automatic emotional reflex arising from age-old policy. So long have the English found safety in siding with that one of the two continental groups which happens to be the weaker at the time, in order thereby to establish a balance of power and equilibrium, that they seem to have bred an instinct to favour the under dog; a sort of sporting spirit in international relations coinciding with profound policy.

So much for the so-called nation of shop-keepers. Today one can pass from England to France by airplane in a few minutes, but to pass from the English mind to the French mind requires a difficult *volte-face*. There are several characteristics of the French which one must appreciate before one can sympathetically understand French policy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first is that *la Patrie* represents their religion—and this is not an hyperbole. Of all great modern peoples they have most nearly realized their ideals of personal liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and they will suffer martyrdom to perpetuate this fruit of their genius. They are personally content to live in undisturbed independence, but the glory of the Realm of France demands power, expansion, respect —tantalizes them with a vision of greatness that cannot in practice be reconciled with mere peaceful integrity. The second characteristic of France is that it is a nation of peasant proprietors who, though they have attained political and economic liberty, are not in other respects far removed from the primitive state of feudal times. The horizon of these peasants and artisans ends at the borders of France, and they do not desire to mingle with other peoples. They rarely travel out of France and are naturally and self-contentedly isolated. The industrial revolution has only veneered France with the superficial attributes of modern economic civilization and has not permeated nor revolutionized the deeper elements of the national life. The history of French national finance has been a series of sensational and frequently disastrous experiments in financial alchemy, which have sometimes failed to lead to their logical *débâcles* because the essence of money economy has never penetrated the French mind. Frenchmen persist in the happy faculty of being unconscious of threatening national bankruptcy and the *rentier* goes on buying government securities when they have permanently passed into the category of annuities. Finally, France's foreign policy has always been determined by political and military antagonisms and not by economics. The French dislike the English as much as the English the French, and they feel for them a curious racial distrust and historical antagonism. The Germans they hate and fear.

Though these general characteristics of French life and policy are nearly universal, there are radical differences of interest and purpose among the different classes and parties as in every other country. One can make no greater mistake than to treat the body of public opinion in a nation as a homogeneous whole, and as one's detailed personal knowledge of a people increases it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always becomes correspondingly difficult to formulate its national individuality in contrast to that of other peoples. The backbone of and the predominant class in France is the peasant proprietor. It is the power of this class which establishes the integrity, security and isolation of *la Patrie* as the least dispensable of French policies.

But overlaid upon this is the ambitious military party who draw much support from the first, and, though they too lay great emphasis upon security, would not sacrifice the honour, power and dominance of the country to the desire for peace. It is perhaps largely the influence of this party or class which keeps France expanding its spheres of influence and active in all international affairs at a time when its declining population and stay-at-home habits make expansion such an artificial movement. These two preponderant classes, while not in entire harmony, are naturally not to be deterred from their prime objects by economic considerations, and are not likely to understand or be greatly impressed by the more subtle and intricate questions of reparation payments, debts, budget balancing, etc., which are of exalted importance to the *bourgeois* temperament. There is an industrial and financial group in France, but it is of far less size and vigour than in the industrialized nations, and its desiderata are among the first to be jettisoned if, in times of stress, they come into conflict with the vital issues nearest to the hearts of the peasants and soldier-politicians.

It is these fundamental attributes which have established French policy since the war—a policy which to many foreigners has seemed so naïvely incompatible and romantic. The damage to *la Patrie* must be repaired at once. The Germans must pay for it. But if the Germans do not pay for it at once it must be effected in any case by means of whatever financial expedient proves necessary. *La Patrie* must be secured for the future against another attack. To this end Germany must be reduced and humbled, disintegrated if need be. The ideal programme would have been to secure the payment of reparations at once and then to achieve security by protective military measures along the Rhine,—in other words, to cause the goose to lay the golden egg and then to strangle it. But the goose was too clever.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Interwoven with this practical patriotism is a lively sense of honour. It is painful to the pride of the hot-blooded and high-spirited victors to be circumvented by the vanquished, and thus defrauded of a perfectly just claim for damages. This is adding insult to injury, and the emotional reaction has undoubtedly had its influence in clouding the logic and directness of the course of action pursued.

How is it possible to find common ground for compromise between one people who desire to restore their late enemy and set him up again in business, to be a good customer at the earliest moment, and another who wish, after exacting the just penalities, to cripple their threatening neighbour and relieve themselves of an impending danger which has been a nightmare for a century? No sincere agreement is possible.

One or the other must give in. Either France will impose her will by force on Germany and at the sacrifice of reparations satisfy herself with the establishment of her own safety and with the indirect economic benefits accruing from possession or control over the richest industrial area in the world; or, through the pressure of international public opinion and internal and external financial difficulties, she may eventually be compelled to moderate her just demands, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, and compromise both on payments and punitive measures. But France has now by far the greatest immediate military power in Europe, if not in the world. She seems to be in position to enforce her will and in the mood to do so. For that reason it seems likely that she will continue to strive first for security and only second for indemnities; that the occupation of the Rhineland will develop into a semi-permanent measure; that actual reparation payment will, as a result, be small, and Germany's economic restoration be greatly delayed. If this occurs, French internal and external debts will continue to be an unsolved and almost insoluble problem for years to come. That has not greatly disturbed the French in the past and probably it will not now.

This policy, if successful, would be neither romantic nor impractical. True, it would sacrifice financial solvency and economic development, and debar a quick return of former relations among the nations. But it would bring present safety to France,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and to the French that would be worth all it cost. Mere numbers do not win modern wars. If you have your enemies' mines, factories and machinery, you have him by the throat. He cannot fight, for the most industrious and efficient people must have natural resources at their command and decades of accumulation behind them before they are a power in the modern field of battle. The French are not mistaken in stating that the Ruhr is Germany's throat.

The other continental peoples are, for various reasons, not free to express their underlying motives in action and are therefore not likely to become important influences in the dénouement. Their participation will be determined by circumstances rather than by the direct interests of their citizens. Belgium will doubtless continue to act as an understudy to France and will reflect the viewpoint of her friendly and overpowering neighbour—though her national life and interests are quite different. Italy, vividly conscious of a new vitality, has her attention focused upon her own internal affairs and development. To an extraordinary degree, under uncompromising leadership, she is devoting herself to erecting a self-sufficient and independent economic structure, and to reëstablishing sane and sound principles. Engaged in this absorbing task and somewhat isolated by an introspective consciousness, her interest and share in the eventual settlement is more likely to be that of umpire between England and France than of a participant with any definite will of her own. She is still economically allied with and dependent on Germany, which would throw her to England's side; but on the other hand she wants reparations, and this would tend to align her with France.

Russia may be ignored. It is amusing to see the attitude of cynical detachment and somewhat indulgent superiority assumed by the Bolshevist agents in dealing with the earnest and straightforward approaches of other governments. Surely this disingenuousness is not Russian, but suggests a tinge of Hebraic sophistication in high places, which indicates that the present leadership is neither indigenous nor permanent.

Germany herself is little more than a pawn. What she wants is, of course, to escape; to escape the intolerable and impossible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

burdens placed upon her by the victors—the consequences of defeat—and now, perhaps, to escape the consequences of trying to escape the consequences of defeat. From a mixture of necessity and free-will, which enables the French to find proof of wilful repudiation and fraud, and the English to find equally valid proof of hopeless helplessness, the German people, being unable to escape from present evils into their former empire of the air, and every other avenue being blocked, take to the toboggan and slide gracefully down into the valley of the shadow of bankruptcy. This sudden dénouement took the world by surprise. It leaves her politically-minded adversaries angered and her economically-minded adversaries aghast.

It may be set down as an axiom in diplomacy that the German is always wrong both in understanding the psychology of other peoples and in the diplomatic methods he uses to achieve his ends. So in this case. Eventually, when it is too late, the Germans will undoubtedly try unsuccessfully to buy the French off and will suffer complete economic collapse as a result of the inflation which either innocently or fraudulently they have allowed to run beyond the point of possible recovery. Everyone must regret to see a useful, able and admirable nation so misled as the Germans have been both by their mock-Imperial industrialists before the war and by their mock-Socialist industrialists since the war.

But the evils which this leadership has brought upon them cannot be escaped. The Germans will be humbled by the course of events which seems now to be beyond human power to arrest. The Austrian *débâcle* will be repeated in Germany, and only when the catastrophe is complete will France be likely to consent to a rehabilitation programme which may eventually and gradually lift Germany from the slough of despond to which she is destined.

America has been constantly appealed to by emissaries and propaganda to act as an impartial arbiter or as a powerful ally for one or the other faction. As the differentiation of policy proceeded and crystallized, the effort to engage us has graduated from a mere craving for strong, wise leadership into a campaign to educate us in the essential rightness of each different programme

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and to secure our help in extracting some particular set of chestnuts from the conflagration. And in justice it must be said that the presentation of each party's formula has seemed so reasonable, just and humanitarian that, if there had been no doubt of their complete candour, we would of necessity have been puzzled into a state of indecision. The moral pressure has been so strong, and sympathy for one or the other nation involved has been so thoroughly excited, that it has bred in us generally a feeling that we are evading a national duty. While we would be no more likely to agree among ourselves as to what should be done than do those who are immediately concerned, practically all public expression voices an agreement on the one point that we should do something.

There has appeared in the Yankee one completely novel national attribute. Bred out of the instinct for proselytizing, the generosity of comfortable circumstances, and an admirable youthful sentiment, this people—or the Yankee part of them—have shown a big-hearted good will toward the world at large, a sympathy with distress and an efficient if sometimes quixotic Samaritanism, that is a new phenomenon in history. We have introduced modern medicine into India and China, salvaged the Near East, fed the victims of famine, protested against Russian *pogroms* and Armenian massacres, and rescued Cuba. It is this humanitarian internationalism, so long and so well supported by the old Yankee strains, that has, in this particular contingency, aroused the conscience of a large, important and vocal group with the sense of a mission for this country, a call to which we should respond, a responsibility that we are refusing to shoulder. It is a wholly admirable attitude, one which all right-thinking people must hope we can maintain. But how can it give effect to itself in this case? As with the Socialist, whose ideal is also admirable, one has only to propound the direct question, "Exactly what do you propose to do?" to divide the single voice into the diverse tongues of Babel.

Another group that is much heard from is composed of "business men" and economists. Desiring the early return of prosperity, of former relations between the nations, and viewing the situation almost wholly from the economic point of view, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

business men, fresh from a vacation of motoring, dining and wining in Europe, dream of a sensible conference at which all concerned will get together with their feet under the same table, give and take in a spirit of good will, and work out a cure for all difficulties and a composition of all disagreements. Usually the method proposed for handling Germany and Austria is a receivership—a receivership over a company of seventy-five million employees! It is an example of magnificient, if blind, self-confidence. And it seems unfortunate that the fathers of these men overlooked the opportunity to gain experience and to demonstrate this method of rehabilitation when they allowed their own ruined South to lie fallow for almost half a century after the Civil War. The instinct of commercial empire, when it is aroused, brooks the obstacles and distances of the untried and unknown as little as did the vision of the military conquerors of past civilizations.

But in America as well, what of the silent point of view? Have our typical statesmen, supine with one ear to the ground, heard its still whispering? President Wilson was reëlected with the campaign cry, "He kept us out of war." Almost immediately we were in it. We made a glorious finish and, emerging victors from admittedly the most efficiently conducted campaign which this nation has ever fought, Wilson's Congress began to disappear from beneath his feet. The people had turned from him in his triumph.

At the next election the party that refused its consent to the Peace Treaty with its rider; the party that had been out of power and discredited for eight years, and which set up as candidate a resolute member of the Anti-League Senatorial group, was returned by the largest majority ever given in a national election. It may be distasteful to us to read the meaning in this sequence of political events, but the meaning is there. The voters of this country, particularly in the newly powerful Middle West, were opposed to the war and repudiated any further responsibilities in connection with Europe's quarrels. They were shamed, frightened and excited into enthusiastic patriotism and chauvinism while the war was the national "job that had to be put across". But in the secrecy of the Australian ballot they confessed where they really stood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is not strange. The great body of foreign-born and children of foreign-born are living here with the tradition of escape from these turmoils and sufferings. America has been the asylum for those who have struggled out of the terrorism of the European tenement into a long peace in the countryside. They will not be entangled again if they can help it. They do not want this country to assume the disastrous *rôle* of mediator. This element, still afraid to come out in the open because of fear of the accusation of pro-Germanism, silently opposes the *intelligentsia*, and because of its greater mass, if not weight, registers its will through the polls.

And is it not merely a resurgence of the wisdom gained by direct experience that these people, comparatively fresh from contact with European politics, express silently the same instructions to their representatives that Washington, from his newly gained experience, bequeathed to all of us so eloquently in his Farewell Message? In the manuscripts of the British Museum is a letter from Washington to the Earl of Buchan, dated from Philadelphia, April 22, 1793. He says: "I believe it to be the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of the earth; and this I am persuaded they will do if rightfully it can be done." I believe this doctrine is held with more sincere conviction today by the immigrant population of the last two generations than it is by the descendants of those who fought the Revolutionary War. For the latter have forgot the experience out of which it sprang. And yet today they say we are dependent upon Europe. How much more dependent upon Europe were the struggling agricultural colonies of the eighteenth century! Is the branch less dependent upon its parent trunk than is the slip?

In its broad aspects the Hughes policy seems to express this old doctrine and this new and silent point of view. It avoids interference or entanglements, alliances and diplomatic activity. It avoids a programme. Yet it encourages non-political movements looking toward demilitarization and an international justiciary so long as they have no aftermath of administration or enforce-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment. And it encourages private enterprise to undertake the minor financing and other remedial enterprises, aiding the efforts of convalescent European nations to help themselves, which will in the end prove the only effective means of bringing conditions back to normal.

It seems probable that these silent points of view, acting beneath the surface and almost unconsciously, will go on governing the development of this crisis; despised of the elect and the idealists, yet registering accurately the fundamental sense of self interest of the average citizens of three great states. I am not one of those who believe the wisdom of the people to be inspired and final. As to means they are more often wrong than not. But as to ends they are usually sound, since the common aims and desires of the millions must be the final justification and criterion of each society's policy. This case is especially one in which the intuitions of the common man must be credited with a certain native wisdom which will cut through the Gordian Knot of complexities and superficialities, and hold fast to essentials.

As it has been since the beginning, so now these peoples will go on shaping their national careers for good or ill. Nor is it a pessimist's social philosophy to believe that all will not be for good, but that nevertheless forces, human and natural, having got under way, will not rest until they have fulfilled their potentialities.

The English may eventually realize that the former customers of Germany will replace England's former customers in Germany. Then they will turn their attention to a larger stage than that upon which this tragic drama is being enacted. England may join the new faction as it emerges from the regrouping of Continental powers, but only in the tentative and independent way to which she has confined her participation during previous times of rest and repair.

As regards France, it must become clear in time that, tossed upon the horns of a dilemma, she has chosen to buy immediate safety at the cost of nominal bankruptcy and perhaps of eventual revenge by a more virile and aggressive race.

America will doubtless continue her inactive lament and re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frain from interference because of concern for her own interests and because of the futility of any measures within her power. The settlement of Inter-Allied debts, which is now merely an academic question, may nevertheless prove of use as a means of moral suasion at occasional intervals. Eventually and one by one our debtors may enter some formal agreement and make some partial payment. One thing is certain. If it becomes necessary to compromise with the Continental debtors, the valid contract entered into with us by England should be reopened and the same treatment accorded to her that we find necessary with the others.

It would go against the grain of the Yankee to exact the pound of flesh from one ally while our citizens paid off the loans contracted to supply the others with funds. And while it may seem at the present time that the Irish-American and German-American elements in this country would resent such decent generosity, it is my opinion that long before the question is settled, English relations with the Irish Free State (as with the Boer Free State) will be so cordial, and an English alliance with Germany so near a *fait accompli*, that there will be no stronger supporters for England among our citizens than those of Irish and German descent. "*Varium et mutabile semper*"—!

C. Reinold Noyes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLICIES AND THE NEW ARMAMENT COMPETITION

BY J. M. SCAMMELL

In Europe they talk again of war. Rivalry in armaments appears to be keenest over superiority in aircraft. In addition the submarines, tanks and even gas are regarded by some of the best military thinkers as the decisive weapons of the future. What are the reasons for this new development, and this new state of mind, so soon after the bitter lesson of the World War? It is not the result of original sin, or of "militarism", or of stupidity. Nor is it entirely due to the general conviction that the new weapons have rendered the old obsolete. A wide survey of the outstanding features of conditions in Europe shows that there are well defined forces at work to produce the present tendency.

War is not a thing apart from all other human activities. It is merely a phase of policy. When policies conflict to such a degree that reason fails to accommodate the differences, one side, rather than give in, resorts to force. The armament race is, then, merely a by-product of the political and economic rivalries that appear to be irreconcilable. The relation between national and military policy is quite clear if we but look for it.

The present vicious circle starts with Germany and Russia. The present aërial armaments spring from the Treaty of Versailles and its *sequellæ*, as Pallas Athenæ sprang in her panoply from the brain of Zeus. Germany's army was reduced to the point of impotence. The result is told in the words of an Italian army officer:

> Actually the sole means which Germany has for realizing her revenge is in aërial warfare. As for aviation, the Interallied Control is not of much value; because, under different forms more or less camouflaged (civil and commercial aviation, secret factories, depots of material in Russia and elsewhere, etc.), it will always be possible for Germany to build up a powerful aërial fleet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany knows this. The Aëronautical Chamber of Commerce in its annual survey says that she is going ahead with her aëronautical development despite the treaty. It reports German aircraft building in Switzerland, Italy, Russia and, possibly, in Scandinavian countries. There are now in Germany seven commercial lines in operation. The same authority reports a great commercial and military aviation programme in Russia under German supervision. Dutch, French, German and Italian planes are used. There are eight schools and four factories established. German experts and German pilots are employed. The Soviets, moreover, recently authorized 300 planes for the Red Army. In Italy alone 100 were recently purchased. The full programme calls for about 5,000. "Russia," says Colonel Guillet of the Italian General Staff, "if she is to be associated with a European country, will form a rapprochement with her neighbour Germany." Nothing could appear to be more reasonable. Coöperation is in the interest of both. They are close neighbours. Their enemies they have in common. Russia has resources, and Germany the technicians whom Russia needs. Russia has man power but needs officers; while Germany has the leaders whom the former lacks. Germany can strike a swift blow; she is highly concentrated energy; Russia lacks communications and is slow, but has staying power which Germany has not. The absence of communications, the deterioration of the Red Army and lack of military supplies and transport, drive Russia into the air. Germany alone can build up for her a strong military air force.

On the other hand, coöperation with Russia enables Germany to prepare for the only type of warfare which she can hope to wage successfully for some time to come. "War in the air," says Colonel Guillet, "will hasten the military renaissance of Germanism and even provoke it." Whether or not this threat is an immediate one, France is bound to consider it. Insurance is not taken out alone because the risk is great, but also because of the value of the article to be insured. The musician who insures his fingers does so, not because his fingers are in more danger than those of a mechanic; but because the loss of one would have severer consequences. So it is with France: defeat would be death.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let us consider the case of France. What are her outstanding national characteristics and conditions? The destruction of her richest industrial area and the necessity for restoring it are prime factors. It is the cost of this which makes the deficit in her national budget; and which keeps her tax-rate high. In connection with this, we must not lose sight of the fact that in France wealth is more evenly distributed than in any other country. France is a land of peasants and of bourgeoisie. The absence of concentrated wealth places France at a disadvantage in competing with other industrial states. They feel keenly their inferiority in industrial organization. Then there is the related factor of decreasing population; especially in contrast to the increase in Germany. Finally we have a people who are keen, clear-headed, logical thinkers, and who are intellectually honest. They do not love to deceive themselves as do some other nations.

These conditions have led to the adoption of certain policies necessary to the welfare of the French people. First, there is that of reparations. The world recognizes the justice of France's demands. But some, less rational than the French, believe, apparently, that Germany will pay if she can, even if she is not forced to! But such people believe this only because they desire to, because it is in their interest to do so, or because they do not think at all. The French think; they think hard; and they think lucidly. They believe no such nonsense. Without the aid of psychology—abnormal psychology included—it is difficult to see how anyone can believe it.

The second result of the above conditions is that France finds it absolutely necessary to develop her colonies. This is partly to reduce imports at an unfavourable rate of exchange, and partly to make up for her waning man power. The latter influence undoubtedly led her also to seek alliances.

Now the French have this characteristic, that they are able to learn from their previous mistakes. They face facts squarely and resolutely. Hence they recognize that there are no present indications of a reign of peace and virtue; and that, until there is, the Devil will take the hindmost—unless he be not worth the effort. Therefore, in order to protect and to preserve her fine civilization, and that of Europe, from the menace created by two materialis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tic States, and to give security to her people, France is determined to be in a position to be strong within the limitations of her resources.

The lack of man power and of money has induced France to adopt a military policy which seeks to conserve man power, 1, by means of superior mechanical equipment; 2, by means of superior mobility; 3, by means of superior leadership; and 4, by means of superior quality in personnel. The first requirement leads to a strong emphasis on tanks, motor trucks, and aircraft; so does the second, which also calls for a flexible, well-trained, and thoroughly modern army. Superior leadership increases the mobility, flexibility, resiliency and power of the army. As for the fourth intelligence, *éducation morale*, and a liberal, kindly and generous spirit of discipline are stressed. That "an officer should love his men", and be a sympathetic leader, is the gist of the new French doctrine of leadership.

This land defense policy requires that France shall control the seas that separate her from her colonies; for it calls for men and supplies—above all, for petroleum. But France cannot compete with British sea power. But can she hope to dispute that power in a restricted area?

The French think that she can.

"One hundred and seventy-five submarines held in check the greatest naval coalition in history," said the *Matin;* and added: "How much would 175 submarines cost us? The same price as six battleships." The 1924–25 naval programme calls for the change of the Bearn from a dreadnought to an airplane carrier. The 1925–30 naval programme includes four submarine cruisers, 30 modern submarines, many coast defense types and four oilers. The 1923 aircraft programme calls for 220 squadrons, or 2,200 planes. In 1922 no less than 3,300 commercial and military planes were built. The submarine and the plane, it is planned, will be associated in a future war to increase the vision of the former.

Let us look for a moment at Italy. Here the fundamental problems are lack of industrial resources and an excess of population. Italy is precisely in the position of Attica before the reforms of Solon and Pericles. Poverty and an excess of popula-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion demand expansion. But reliance on Tripoli implies control of the routes to Africa. Aircraft and submarines and their relative cheapness, taken in conjunction with the geographical situation of Sardinia and Sicily, offer the best solution.

Colonel Amadeo Guillet, of the Italian General Staff, recently went so far as to say:

> The new aërial arm, judiciously organized, constitutes in itself a force capable alone of determining the outcome of a conflict. . . .
>
> We shall see appear immediately an absolutely new element of special characteristics. . . . This element is the aëro-chemical arm.

Consequently, he would practically abolish armies and navies as they now are, and rely upon aircraft, submarines and gas.

It will be observed that the French and Italian policies threaten Great Britain's control of the sea routes to her dependencies.

Now in Great Britain the permanent policies are largely the result of geographic and historical conditions. That is to say, the insular position has led to overseas commercial expansion. This necessitated a strong navy. The navy has been used to protect commerce and to preserve a balance of power against a preponderant land power. But the commercial development led also to an industrial type of civilization dependent on overseas trade; and also to a political expansion and economic dependence upon overseas territories. This condition necessitated an overwhelming maritime preponderance. This in turn led to a still greater dependence on overseas trade. The war injured seriously British shipping, manufacturing and trade, increased the tax-rate and caused unemployment.

But, whereas before 1914–18 Great Britain felt secure behind her naval walls of steel, and kept an army only large enough to maintain internal order within the Empire, now the submarine and aircraft have weakened the reliance upon the fleet. While the land forces are now actually smaller than in 1913, a new force has arisen: the Royal Air Force. This is used partly to offset the aërial menace and partly as a cheap substitute for land forces in disturbed areas. Thus Irak, a mandate, is garrisoned solely by air forces, except for enough land troops to protect the aircraft bases. This device has saved Britain £14,000,000. In India and elsewhere planes are used as an economical substitute

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a large garrison. Bombi[illegible]planes have hitherto been used; but there are reports and photo[illegible]hs of planes capable of carrying a section of infantry and th[illegible]ecessary equipment.

Great Britain no longer fear[illegible] Germany; that fleet is gone. But, especially in certain areas, the submarine and aircraft threaten British maritime supremacy. Said Lord Birkenhead recently in the House of Lords:

> This is a most alarming state of affairs. The government will be lacking in its duty to the country unless it affords an adequate air force. . . .
>
> This country cannot content itself in the next four or five years with an inferiority in its air force which it would not content itself with in the navy.

The aërial and submarine armaments, then, place Great Britain at the mercy of France and Italy, because aircraft threaten maritime power more than they do land power. Aircraft are highly mobile; they pass rapidly over a given point. On land their approach can be heralded and troops can scatter, conceal themselves or take refuge in subterranean defenses. After the planes have passed they can emerge and concentrate; although the use of gas would tend to restrict the efficacy of such tactics. But ships, especially merchantmen, can neither conceal themselves, escape by reason of speed, nor defend themselves. Moreover, more planes can be based on land than on the sea. Hence the net result of the new device is to weaken sea power as a balance against a preponderant land power.

"Sea power," says Admiral Fullam, "is absolutely dependent upon air power." In certain limited areas at least, this is certainly true. Hence the British concern.

Logically, then, England's frontier, being no longer the Channel, ought to be the Rhine. But against this conception there is balanced Britain's traditional opposition to a preponderant land power. Since this can no longer be assured by one weapon,—sea power, preponderance in which France would not be disposed to contest,—it must be supplemented or replaced by a new force, air power.

However, Great Britain has one advantage that ought to serve her well in the long run. The tank, the motor truck, the airplane, and the submarine all call for petroleum resources. Here, of all powers in Europe, Britain and Russia are supreme. Germany,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France and Italy must get oil where they can. This necessity forces France, under the present conditions, to challenge Britain's sea supremacy. In reality, it should force the two into coöperation, for Britain in the long run needs France as a buffer state, and France needs Britain to protect her communications and insure her supply. France cannot be long the preponderant European land power. Her weaknesses are too deep-seated and inherent.

Hence, probably, the present military and diplomatic situation is merely a phase, albeit a critical phase, of European politics. It is the crisis where old methods are giving place to new.

The failure of the Versailles Treaty, the economic chaos in Russia, and the imperative necessity for economy, have created a new military era. The return to the old system is unlikely; because the new weapons will be perfected while the old are retained, and thereby the Great Powers will endeavour to offset the increasing armed strength of the non-industrial states of Eastern Europe. The same influences will restore gas as a weapon. Gas is only nominally prohibited in the event of a war in which only signatories of the Washington Conference participate, and even in that event the prohibition is of doubtful value because it is founded on falsehood and ignores certain vital considerations.

Where does America come in? Aircraft, gas and the submarine cast the United States squarely in the ancient rôle of Great Britain, as the secure, impartial arbiter of the balance of power; just as they have largely destroyed Britain's position in that rôle. Distance gives us the isolation that was once Britain's shield. Britain now becomes one of the contestants for supremacy. But this is the Britain of Europe. Who shall say what influence in the future shall be exercised by the Dominions? Meanwhile, the United States can, by exerting her influence, preserve the balance of power and, perhaps, use her impartiality to help create a better understanding. Unless she resolves to do so, she, too, may be dragged into a future aëro-chemical warfare.

J. M. Scammell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMANY AND THE THIRD INTERNATIONALE

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

As we survey the situation in Germany, and as the headlines of the daily press suggest that a Communist uprising is on the carpet, one turns instinctively to think of the activities of the Third Internationale. In particular the influence of the Third Internationale on Germany in 1919 is in our minds, for in some respects the prospects are similar. Then as now the disgust of the German people with results of war bespoke for the time a friendly reception to foreign revolutionary doctrines. At present it is the economic war of the Ruhr which is increasing the penalties of the political *débâcle* of 1918. Will Germany again reject the invitations of the Third Internationale to proclaim the dictatorship of the proletariat and to try to get rid by one movement of the demands of both domestic and foreign capital? Is it fear of a social upheaval in Germany which has been dictating British notes to France? Is it the world discontent, the *Weltschmerz*, which is fomenting disorder and destruction in Germany? These are questions which can best be studied in the light of the recent history of propaganda and of revolutionary organization.

It has been evident since the Bolshevik revolt of November, 1917, that the original purpose of the Soviet authorities was the World Revolution. They hold it forth as the goal of their achievements and as the reward for their hardships. A revolutionist has to be an optimist; otherwise he would be out of his job. So the Soviet Government has continued to hope and to work for a change in the course of events which would result in the extension of the dictatorship of the proletariat by the setting up of a series of related Soviet republics, the world over.

In 1917 anyone who could have foreseen that the Soviet authorities would still be in power in Russia six years later

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and at the same time could have foretold that a World Revolution would not have taken place, would have been looked on as an extremely subtle agent of a new form of counter-revolutionary, or anti-Bolshevik, propaganda. If he had expressed such ideas in Moscow in 1918 he would probably have been shot at once.

The importance of the World Revolution has diminished as months have gone by; but it has never been abandoned as the ultimate end of society. This is because of the fact that the Soviet authorities are members of the Russian Communist party. That party in turn belongs to the International Socialist Communist party which has organized itself as the Third Internationale. Its headquarters are at Moscow; and it is to Moscow, as the center and head of the movement, that all other Communist parties, wherever located, must turn for direction and guidance. To this end are annual meetings, the propaganda, the development of secret lines of communication, the division of the world into districts, and the highly intensified and organized bureaucracy of the party. The Bolsheviki, therefore, look to the development of a new world in which Moscow will be the new Rome. This they have continually preached.

In a lively organization of this sort, with its tentacles reaching out across frontiers, constantly touching the daily life of millions, and consciously aiming at the social reconstruction of the world, it is only natural that differences of opinion should develop. The fact remains, however, that apart from the schism that originally divided all Socialists, the world over, the authority and power of the Third Internationale has never been seriously questioned within its own sphere. A great deal of confusion, much unnecessary and unwarranted persecution, would have been avoided if people in authority could have understood that between Snowden in England and Longuet in France, on the one hand, and on the other, Zinoviev and other members of the Communist Internationale, a division existed which was all the more effective and bitter because it spelled civil war among Socialists. The British Labour Party has again, in 1923, refused membership to the British Communist party by a decisive and tremendous vote. We all know of the vitriolic war that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gompers and Spargo have both waged against the Communists in America and Russia. Indeed in Russia the Social Revolutionary Party has suffered as dire attacks from the Bolsheviki as have any other elements in Russian society. The Third Internationale, therefore, is not to be confused with any other Socialist body, particularly not with the "Yellow" Internationale, as it contemptuously terms the International Federation of Trade Unions, whose headquarters are at Amsterdam, nor with attempts to revive the organization which we have known for years as the Second Socialist Internationale. The Third or Communist Internationale is "Red"; and it believes in and preaches World Revolution.

Furthermore, the Third Internationale is not the Soviet Government of Russia; technically their difference is complete. One is the organization of the international propaganda body; the other is the political organization which governs Soviet Russia. Moscow is the center for both; members of the Russian Communist Party, which is in sole control of the Soviet Government, are represented in the Third Internationale. There exists, therefore, an interlocking membership and an interlocking directorate between the two. The Soviet Foreign Office is constantly reminding us that it is not the Third Internationale and, by inference, that it is not responsible for the work and the mistakes of that body. The fact remains that it is at times almost impossible to separate the activities of the Foreign Office from the activities of the Third Internationale. At times, as in the case of Litvinov, the same person has held important posts abroad under both organizations. Consequently it is impossible to keep the two apart in any study of this sort.

Naturally with the enormous task of the revolution in Russia on their shoulders, the active preaching by Communist leaders of its gospel outside of Russia was not at first effective. On December 23, 1917, two million gold rubles were voted for propaganda in western Europe; the *Fakel*, or *Torch*, was planned to start revolution in Germany. But the rigor with which the authorities of both Germany and Austria dealt with such attempts prevented any success. It was war time, and generally in those days people in belligerent countries had no time for such matters. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were fighting, working, or struggling to get sufficient food. They could not stop to talk as the Russians had done.

Nevertheless, in spite of the tremendous burden of reorganizing Russia, of combating anti-Bolshevik plots and foreign foes, a start was made in the preaching of doctrines of Communist World Revolution. For this purpose the writings and speeches of Lenin and of Trotzky were a source of undiluted strength. Later regular propaganda schools were set up to train students for propaganda both at home and abroad. At Moscow was a propaganda college where foreign agitators were trained. Here some seventy students who could use foreign languages were trained in successive courses, each lasting about three months. In the case of the Orient there was later a sort of University to train propagandists in the languages and customs of Asia.

For immediate needs, however, attempts were made to make use of the large prison camps where were gathered troops who soon would be returning to Central Europe. Before these prisoners the gospel of the Russian Bolshevik revolution was preached with vigour by men who could speak the language of their audiences. Add to this the persistent individual work of soldiers and sailors who had suddenly become revolutionary agitators. Thus Bela Kun, formerly the editor of the Magyar newspaper *Social Revolution*, and later to be the head of the Hungarian Bolshevik uprising, addressed, on April 14, 1918, a monster meeting of war prisoners in Moscow:

> You, who have suffered and struggled, who have borne on your shoulders the heavy cross of this war, go back and set the whole country ablaze from one end to the other! Sweep all obstacles from the path for the liberation of the enslaved, turn into ashes all castles, all palaces, to which your wealth flows and from which poverty and hunger are spread broadcast over the country. . . . Give full sway to all your hatred and respond by revolt, for nothing can be done without armed revolt. I do not say that it is bad to kill but you must know *whom* to kill. . . . Turn your weapons against your officers and generals and against the palaces. Let every one of you be a teacher of revolution in his regiment!

It was in repeated meetings of this sort that prisoners were prepared for repatriation. Indeed there were protests from the Central Powers regarding the calling of prison congresses and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preaching of radical doctrines. The practice of enlisting "International war prisoners" continued, however. At some of the concentration camps organized "Red Guard" detachments were set up, prepared to become pioneers of the revolution in their own countries. Others, only a few in number, were freed and sent back at once to preach the new gospel.

Lenin portrayed "the triumphal march of Bolshevism", the establishment of a "new type of statehood, incomparably higher and more democratic than the best of the bourgeois parliamentary republics" in that it provided for the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and appealed to the workers of the world to start revolutions everywhere. So with stark simplicity and force Bukharin in his little book—*Programme of the Communists*—stated the principles of the cause. "The programme of the 'Communist' party is not only the programme of liberating the proletariat of one country; it is the programme of liberating the proletariat of the world." There must develop a feeling of solidarity on the part of the proletariat against the bourgeois world of predatory powers. "We do not speak of the right of self-determination of nations; we have only the working classes in view. The situation of the Soviet Republic is quite an exclusive one. It is the only state organization of the proletariat in the whole world amongst the robber organizations of bourgeoisie." It must fight for its existence, leading the army of the universal proletariat against the universal bourgeoisie:

> The leading fighting slogan of this struggle is now quite clear. It is the International Soviet Republic. The overthrowing of imperialistic Governments by armed uprisings and the organization of Soviet Republics is the way of international dictatorship of the working class. . . . This international Soviet Republic will free from oppression hundreds of millions of inhabitants of colonies. . . . European civilization has been maintained by exploitation and by robbery of these small peoples in distant lands. . . . Therefore, the programme of our party, which is the programme of international revolution, is at the same time the programme of complete liberation of the weak and the oppressed.

Such a statement from an educated and able Russian became the definite *credo* of the Communist Party. Others like Radek followed it up with a wealth of illustration and economic obser-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vation. Zinoviev (Apfelbaum), who was to become the president of the Third Internationale, made an appeal to the workmen of belligerent countries to strike for the World Revolution. Podvoisky pointed out that force was the only method; and in November, 1918, the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, confident that with the end of the war the time for revolt was coming, spoke of "the victory of the world proletariat over the exploiters, and imperialists of all countries". Lenin, at the close of a powerful speech, declared: "No matter what happens, no matter what misery imperialism may cause, it shall not save itself; imperialism is lost and the International Socialist Revolution will conquer!"

The propaganda of the day ran the gamut of the passions and ransacked history for its illustrations. The Communist party blared out its proclamations; and Joffe, Soviet envoy at Berlin, who had been expelled from Germany for his propaganda, made no bones about it all. He said:

> Having accepted this forcibly imposed treaty [Brest-Litovsk], revolutionary Russia of course had to accept its second article which forbade "any agitation against the state and military institutions of Germany". But both the Russian government as a whole and its accredited representative in Berlin never concealed the fact that they were not observing this article and did not intend to do so.

To make this the more evident, a letter from Lenin to the "workers of Europe and America" and the call, signed by Lenin and Trotzky, for the first Congress of the Communist (Third) Internationale, to meet in Moscow, were issued on January 24, 1919.

The Congress met in March; it was not largely attended by any save Russians; and its chief work was the election of officers, most of whom were also Russians in Moscow, and the issuing of a long manifesto or platform. This manifesto urged the "working people" to understand the "actual anarchical character of capital", resulting in the "monstrous Imperialistic world war" between "predatory states". So comes the "epoch of the dissolution of capitalism". The proletariat must save the world from chaos, for "the final victory of the world proletariat will mean the beginning of the real history of liberated mankind". Thus the "conquest of political power by the proletariat means

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the destruction of the political power of the bourgeoisie". All must be swept from office and power in order that they may be compelled to serve the Communistic state. "The famous general 'will of the people' is a fiction." "The Soviet system guarantees the possibility of an actual proletarian democracy, a democracy for the proletariat and a democracy directed against the bourgeoisie." The triumph of Communism in the Soviet state is the triumph of the working class. It leads eventually to the establishment of a genuinely "proletarian Communist Internationale" which "will support the exploited peoples of colonies in their struggle against imperialism. The Communist Internationale calls on the entire proletariat of the world to take part in this last struggle. Arms against arms! Force against force! Down with the imperialistic conspiracy of capital! Long live the international republic of proletarian Soviets!"

Could anything be plainer? Such was the conviction, the religion, of Lenin, Zinoviev, Trotzky, Chicherin, Rakovsky, Litvinov, Joffe, Bukharin, and the entire group. Some of these were Jews, but the majority of the Communist leaders were Russians, many of them people of education and intelligence. The character of the revolution they led was essentially Russian. They planned the leadership of Russia in the crusade for World Revolution, and it is as a Russian movement that we must judge it. Indeed, many of the characteristics of the Bolsheviki which seem most incomprehensible and offensive to western nations are in the last analysis Russian characteristics. We must now pass by the Hungarian revolt and disturbances in practically every country in the world to note the course of events in Germany.

In October, 1918, the sense of impending disaster and the restlessness of German society had prompted Joffe to engage in vigorous propaganda from the Russian Embassy in Berlin. On November 5, he gave to Cohn, of the German Department of Justice, a large sum of money to be used as might seem best. His own activities were soon stopped and he was sent out of Germany by the new German Government which had seized power early in November, 1918. The "bloodless revolt" of the German people, and the abdication of the Kaiser, which was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

announced even before it took place, came just in time to check the minor local revolts which broke out all over Germany at the end of October and in the first part of November. In some cases, as in Bavaria, elements of separation were at work alongside of the Liberal revolt led by Kurt Eisner. His power fell with his assassination in the end of December. A few days later the murder of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg deprived the German Sparticists, or Communists, of leaders.

This was at a time when foreign aid was particularly needed by the German Bolsheviki. Miliukov asserts that a secret agreement providing for an alliance between Soviet Russia and a Bolshevik Germany had been signed by Radek and Liebknecht. Whether this is true or not, the fact was that Liebknecht was rampant for revolution during November and December, 1918. "A dictatorship of the proletariat, the definite initiation of Socialism, an alliance with proletarian Soviet Russia, revolutionary war if necessary, and the struggle for international revolution—these are aspects of the second revolution indicated by Liebknecht. . . ." Joffe declared on January 1, 1919:

> Truly revolutionary methods of the truly revolutionary struggle are to deceive one's class enemy, to violate and destroy a treaty [Brest-Litovsk] imposed by force, but never to sin against the revolutionary proletariat and never to violate the obligations assumed with respect to the revolution.

Under such circumstances the new German Government was alive to the danger of the union in arms of Russian Bolsheviki and German Spartacists. The new Government at Berlin consisted in the main of a group of Liberal intellectuals, among whom rested the strong conviction of the danger to Germany from Russia. They were of the same mind in this respect with the Germans of 1914 and 1915, whom many of us recall in Germany as preaching the danger to Germany of the untold millions of Slavs to the east, who by sheer numbers might overwhelm Teutonic culture. They were anti-Bolshevik and they were also anti-Slav. Thus they protested against Russian assistance to the Spartacist movement:

> There were discovered irrefutable proofs that this movement was supported by official Russian resources and Russian organs and that Russian citizens took part in it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To this Chicherin entered a general denial, but acknowledged that Radek was in Berlin, and, as usual in such affairs, countered by charges that German officers were opposing Soviet rule in the border states. During March the wires were kept busy trying to free Radek, who had been appointed, while still in prison, Ukrainian envoy to Berlin. Finally, with strikes and demonstrations breaking out all over Germany, on April 7, 1919, a Bavarian Soviet Government was set up for a brief time. To this Chicherin promptly wired a congratulatory message:

> We may rest assured that the day is not far off when the revolutionary Socialistic allies will join forces with us and will similarly give support to the Bavarian Republic against every attack. Every blow aimed at you is aimed at us. In absolute unison do we carry on our revolutionary struggle for the weal of all workers and exploited peoples.

The Third Internationale sent a similar message. At the same time Chicherin complained that the German Government at Berlin was sending out "distortions of the truth" regarding the pacific intentions of Soviet Russia toward Germany. He appealed for the support of the workers of Germany to prevent the further attacks by the German Government on the truthfulness of the Russian Soviet Government. The Bavarian Soviet failed, and as the Spartacist movement in Germany quieted the news from Moscow sank back into the normal propaganda, aiming to persuade the German workmen that their interests were identical with those of Soviet Russia. Later in 1920, the lines were gradually drawn that led to the Rapallo treaty between Soviet Russia and Germany in April, 1922. *Realpolitik* was once more in the saddle.

Throughout these months the ideal of world revolution was dominant. Germany was the key to the situation, and only those who debated the question as to whether Germany would or would not turn Bolshevik, while the stories of Spartacist uprisings came in over the wires, can understand how serious was the situation.

Toward the close of 1919, as the victories over Yudenich, Denikin, and Kolchak came toward their culmination, the general tone of the Bolshevik press and of speeches and wireless messages was one of triumph. And small wonder! The Soviet authorities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had almost freed Russia of civil war. They were immeasurably stronger at home than they were two years before. To be sure, the failure of the Hungarian and Bavarian revolts had shown that they could not as yet take Europe by storm. But the Third Internationale now settled down to a period of vigorous propaganda carried on by agents in all parts of the world. For this funds were available in large sums; the methods of intrigue and espionage were freely used; and the variety of their lines of attack was evident. Unrest of any description was to be fomented; strikes and labour troubles were hailed with delight. Wherever there was trouble of any sort the Bolsheviki hoped to see an opportunity for their programme. Thus Zinoviev proclaimed:

> The Proletarian Revolution is moving forward with powerful steps. In the unprecedented wave of strikes, which has started in Europe and America, the old rotten trade organizations and their "leaders" struggle helplessly. . . . Our Third Internationale now already represents one of the greatest factors of European history. And in a year or two the Communist Internationale will rule the whole world.

There was a sarcastic and belligerent tone to the humblest papers. Thus—"It is time to bring this criminal diplomacy before the court of the people and pass a severe, pitiless sentence on it. Brothers! Take to your arms . . . and defend the rights of the people against violence and profanation." Or again—"But with you, Messrs. Imperialists, we shall carry on conversations just as you do with us. Behind every word—force; behind every condition—force; behind every demand—force. We are on guard."

Propaganda trains were sent east and south in the newly recovered parts of Russia to distribute literature and to organize the work of the revolution. Encouraging messages were claimed from Korean revolutionaries, from Buenos Aires, Mexico, and Spain. "Petrograd and Moscow are becoming the Mecca and Medina of Moslems;" "Soviet Russia has now become the lighthouse, the source of hope and call to move forward for the proletariat of the whole world." The wireless telegraphers and sailors were appealed to in order to forward messages of propaganda from Russia. Thus the year 1920 was hailed as the year in which "omnipotent Soviets of Workmen's and Red

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Army Deputies" would bring the victory of Communism "in Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna and Rome"!

Such extravagant claims must not, however, obscure the fact that throughout Europe the misery and distress which the World War had brought in its train effectively prepared the ground for Bolshevik propaganda by making the people in almost every country dissatisfied with existing forms of government and conditions of life and ready to accept almost any scheme of social reform, no matter how wild and impracticable it might be, provided that it broke away from the political and diplomatic traditions of the past. Nor was such unrest confined to Europe. We can all of us recall temporarily unstable conditions, as shown by the Winnipeg strike in 1919 and the I. W. W. strike in Oregon. The whole world had been at a terrific "party", on a debauch of war, which affected every aspect of life. Now came "the morning after".

The Bolsheviki hoped by propaganda and by "boring from within" to prepare for more sympathetic relations with the working class in Western Europe. At the same time, by championing the rights of subject peoples in Asia they fostered native sentiment and even religious bigotry. Thus they proposed to incite against the European races the antagonism of a continent. At the same time restoration of normal relations with the rest of the world was becoming increasingly important on economic grounds. For this reason the Soviet Foreign Office sought to dissociate itself from the propaganda of the Third Internationale. As we shall see, it became an extremely important matter in 1921–23.

Along these lines was the plain statement of Radek. He defended Joffe for his propaganda in Germany in defiance of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, on the ground that Russia "destroyed the treaty because it was based on robbery and violence" and because Joffe "was only doing his duty" since Imperial Germany was working for the suppression of Soviet Russia. He went on to say:

> If our capitalistic partners abstain from counter-revolutionary activities in Russia, the Soviet Government will abstain from carrying revolutionary activities in capitalist countries; but we shall determine if they are carrying on counter-revolutionary agitation. There was a time when a feudal state

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

existed alongside capitalist states. In those days liberal England did not fight continuously against serf-owning Russia. We think that now capitalist countries can exist alongside a proletarian state. We consider that the interests of both parties lie in concluding peace and the establishment of the exchange of goods, and we are therefore ready to conclude peace with every country which up to the present has fought against us, but in the future is prepared to give us in exchange for our raw materials and grain, locomotives and machinery. The guarantees which our enemies are demanding from us lie in the interest of both parties.

This was a bid for trade, and by inference showed that the Soviet Foreign Office was in command of the activities of the Third Internationale. On the other hand, at the same time Lenin declared by the victory of Soviet Russia in the recent civil war, that—

This proved the invincible and inexhaustible source of our strength, permitting us to say that as soon as we accomplish Communism in our own country by means of the dictatorship of the proletariat and by means of a concentration of strength in the leading party, then we can expect world revolution.

"The moral victory of the proletarian revolution over bourgeois society" was felt in the increasing curiosity of the world regarding what was going on in Russia. "It is one of our principles that Communism must come from within each different country. We should only retard the development of Communism if we tried to force its adoption from without." Thus Chicherin. But Bystriansky ten days later said: "The world is round, once wrote Karl Marx to Engels, and, therefore, the workmen's revolution for its victory must encircle the entire globe."

Certainly at the time of the Polish war Russian leaders had no hesitation in appealing to the nationalist patriotic spirit and at the same time declaring: "The Red Army took up arms not for seizures and annexations; as it is the army of the triumphant social revolution, which triumphed in Russia and which must win out also in Poland." So also the reverse was true in Persia where it was charged that the British failed because they were unable to command their own labouring class to unite for the extension of British power. All of these cross currents of opinion and expression were drawn into one stream as the Second Congress of the Third Internationale met at Moscow in July, 1920.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here was reaffirmed the essentially belligerent character of the Third Internationale. Its autocratic control became apparent in its twenty-one Theses and Statutes. The tone of the speeches and the range of topics all showed clearly that the World Revolution was still at the forefront. Soviet Russia's endeavor to remodel society on lines that had already been laid down by Lenin and Trotzky and the rest of the small group, who were responsible for the direction of policy, still stood out as the dominant motive. "The Soviet Republic of Russia is proud of the fact that it is guarding the world revolution and that the Red Army is defeating all enemies, and thereby clearing the way for the victory of the world proletariat." That was the key note, and the fact that Russian armies in July, 1920, were rapidly advancing on Warsaw did not diminish the tone of triumph.

In the long run the authority of the Central Executive Committee of the Third Internationale was increased, though at the expense of a decrease in the membership of Communist parties throughout Europe. There was a profound disappointment in Bolshevik circles regarding the failure of the idea of world revolution to materialize. Consequently those who favoured more radical action were much stirred. On the whole, however, the drift toward the Right in 1920–21 was apparent. More conservative councils prevailed even in the Third Internationale. Certainly the need of economic reconstruction in Russia became apparent. Later, this was to result in the compromise of the New Economic Policy which was launched in Russia in the spring of 1921. The need of commercial organization, the development of trade agreements, and the struggle for recognition abroad were to modify in practice the radical attitude of the Third Internationale. Thus the prophecies of a coördinated world-wide revolt of radical forces which had been so frequently made came to nothing. Soviet Russia was thinking more and more of bread and butter and less of revolution. The Red Army was increased in efficiency and decreased in size. It became a threat, an instrument of policy, and less and less an active army in the field.

There followed during the early months of 1921 a lively contest at Moscow as to control over the entire foreign system and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy of Soviet Russia. Chicherin demanded that Soviet representation and policies abroad should be entirely in the hands of the official diplomatic agents of the Foreign Office. A conference at Bremen had asked that the work of the Third Internationale should be left free from the restrictions and more cautious bureaucracy of the official representatives of Soviet Russia. In particular the dispute traveled beyond to fundamental issues of the greatest importance as to whether a general vigorous assault on Western Europe should be undertaken in 1921. The victory of Lenin and Chicherin in favor of the authority of the Foreign Office was fairly complete; and care was taken to free the Foreign Office from technical and official responsibility for the activities of the Third Internationale.

That this is possible in point of practice is extremely doubtful. The net result of this dispute which involved nearly every one of importance in Soviet circles was a demonstration of the power of Lenin. Even Zinoviev, who was much alarmed by serious disturbances at Kronstadt, came over to the side of moderation. These disturbances further handicapped Trotzky, for the Red Army was forced to take an active part in their suppression. The decision, therefore, to subordinate the work of the Third Internationale was of far-reaching consequence. It is probably responsible for the amicable settlement of disputes which broke out in May, 1923, between Soviet Russia and Great Britain. This, however, does not mean that the ideal of world revolution was given up or that the Third Internationale was deprived of vitality. On the contrary, throughout 1921–23 its propaganda kept up and its organization attempted to move steadily toward its own goal. But the actuality of world revolution is delayed.

It was clear, however, that the New Economic Policy, as advocated by Lenin, was carrying the day. A resolution was passed favouring concessions to foreign capital in return for facilities for foreign trade and investment of capital in Soviet Russia. Such a victory for Lenin and Chicherin was accompanied by the decision, already suggested, that the Third Internationale must take into consideration the special circumstances of the time, must not oppose the foreign policies of the Soviet Government abroad, and must further the alleged impression

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in foreign countries of the independence of the Soviet Foreign Office from the Propaganda Section of the Third Internationale. At home in Russia the mention of world revolution became almost parenthetical as the task of reorganizing the economic life of Russia absorbed the attention of the Government. Thus Lenin in December, 1921, said:

> Our great asset, our enthusiasm with which we broke our enemies and which we will be remembered by in history, is now useless to us. It is in fact a drawback and the new economic policy cannot work with these old methods. Now we need patience and perseverance.

We notice, however, that neither in this extract nor in hundreds of others is there the same *élan*, the same faith in the prompt coming of the world revolution. Not even in the violent proclamation of May 1, 1922, which placarded the walls of Moscow, were the words "world revolution" used. Such a thing would have been impossible a year or two earlier. It demonstrates again the authority of the Soviet Government over the Third Internationale and indeed in every branch of Communist endeavour. The idea and the ideal are there; but it is no longer proclaimed from the housetops. Thus Trotzky:

> Rally closer to the mass reserves! Whatever storms, harbingers of proletarian victory, there may come, the Soviet frontier is the trench line beyond which the counter-revolution shall not pass and on which we shall remain at our posts until the reserves will arrive and the Red Flag of the European Socialist Union of Soviet Republics shall be hoisted to the mast!

It is the expression of hope, not of determined, aggressive intent. Trotzky is more recently quoted as abandoning the United States as a field for world revolution propaganda. However, a proclamation also recently asks the question:

> The Communist Internationale is unswervingly fighting against capitalist robbers in all countries of the world. Could it then sanctimoniously turn away from national liberators in the struggle of colonial and semi-colonial countries?

The Third Internationale is always ready for trouble; its propaganda is always available; the world revolution is only in abeyance. Meanwhile the Soviet Foreign Office is in control with its policy of commercial negotiation and political recogni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. Thus in the Ruhr disputes, and in the present chaotic conditions in Germany, there has been vigorous difference in Russia as to the policy to be pursued. The Foreign Office has opposed action which might check the restoration of more normal economic conditions. The Third Internationale, on the other hand, has advocated violent measures. In a proclamation of January, 1923, the Third Internationale addressed German workmen as follows:

> All of you are now being threatened by the danger of being dragged into a new butchery for the interests of capitalism. Therefore, oppose your Government with your will to fight against capital; to fight for the power of labour and for the European league of Socialist republics. The bourgeoisie is ready to murder millions of working people, to tear them to pieces, to make them cripples in a fresh struggle over the division of millions in profits. So unfold the mighty banner of universal war by all the exploited ones upon the exploiters, the kings of finance, and the diplomats. . . . Down with the new imperialist war! Long live the government of the workers and peasants! Long live the revolutionary league of Socialist Governments! Long live the proletarian revolution!

The situation, therefore, resembles that of 1919 with this difference, that in 1919 the solid middle class in Germany was opposed to "Red Revolution"; in 1923 it is a question whether that middle class any longer exists. It remains to be seen whether those German Socialists who are opposed to the Third Internationale can control the situation to extend their own political and social power. It is doubtful if the German Communists are numerically strong enough to gain power; and without their assistance the Third Internationale will be unable to exert more than a benevolent attitude toward disorder and bloodshed.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANOTHER ISTHMIAN CANAL?

BY CAPTAIN A. W. HINDS, U. S. N.

Marine Superintendent, The Panama Canal

BALBOA was amazed when he first stood on the western hill of the Isthmus and looked out over the beautiful island-studded Bay of Panama. If this illustrious Spaniard had been able to set the clock ahead four hundred and ten years and look today from the same spot, he would be still more astounded to see the great ships steam through Gaillard Cut, down through the Pacific locks and out on the waters he claimed for his royal master, the King of Spain.

Although Balboa and practically all the explorers who preceded and followed him were searching for a sea route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it remained for a nation yet unborn to defy Nature and cut the great ditch through the backbone of the two Americas. At the expense of remarkably few lives but much treasure, this youthful nation succeeded in the stupendous enterprise of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific after a nation a thousand years older had failed. And even now, when the Canal has been in operation less than a generation, this ambitious people is beginning to talk of yet another connecting link between the two oceans. How pretentious even to speak of a second Canal, when it took the world nearly four hundred years to make up its mind to dig the first one!

Taken full and by, America is not a far-sighted nation; yet, if articles in the public press mean anything or if the subjects discussed at Cabinet meetings show any signs, she is beginning to look well ahead, in this instance, to the time when the Canal at Panama can not take care of the ever-increasing traffic. This budding tendency to look well into the future is warmly welcomed by those charged with the operation of the Canal, for their lives revolve around the passage of ships, and they realize what great pressure it will take to convince Congress that the capacity of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the present Canal must be increased from time to time, not to speak of the greater difficulty of persuading it that, eventually, a new Canal will be necessary. Both political and strategic arguments were at hand to force the decision for the first great ditch, but even then it took a bold spirit like Roosevelt, with his masterful management of men, to convince his countrymen that the work had to be undertaken when it was.

Not even the wildest flight of imagination can visualize anyone wishing to indulge in the expensive pastime of cutting the second big ditch before it is needed; yet, as it will take ten years to do the task, the new Canal must be started a decade or more before the present Canal reaches its capacity. The time when the Panama Canal will reach its limit of passing ships from ocean to ocean depends on two things—first, the growth of shipping, and, second, the trade routes the growing shipping will take. As to these, it is a dangerous thing to prophesy concerning future growth of shipping, and a far more ticklish proposition to predict the trade routes increased shipping will take.

About one-third of the Panama Canal tolls are levied at present on the oil traffic from the California fields to the east coast of the United States and Europe. No one can tell when the source of supply of oil in California will be exhausted or when some new field will be found on the shores of the Atlantic. When either of these two things happens, there will be a sudden drop in the passage of tankers *via* Panama; though, of course, this drop will be partially offset both by the natural increase of water-borne trade between our east and west coasts and by the flow of oil to supply the west coast from Atlantic sources when the supply in the West gives out. In addition, an oil supply is being developed along the west coast of South America, principally in Peru, which must always pay tolls to the Panama Canal in reaching the markets of Europe and the east coast of the United States.

In predicting future traffic by way of Panama, there are really no data on the Isthmus from which a conservative estimate can be made. Soon after the Canal was completed, there was a series of slides in the Cut which held up traffic and prevented shipping from taking normal routes. Then the War came on, and every ship that could be so used was diverted to the trans-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

port of food, war supplies, or troops to the great battlefields of Europe. Only recently has commerce begun to flow in its natural channels, but there has not been so far a sufficient length of time to be of practical use in making prophecy as to the future flow through the Canal at Panama.

I have, therefore, taken the increase of traffic through the Suez Canal from 1880 to 1910, and assumed that the increase at Panama will be at least as rapid. As a matter of fact, the west coast of the United States is developing so fast that the use of the Suez rate of increase will probably be too low, so that the Panama Canal will certainly reach the limit of its capacity to handle ships requiring transit at least by the years predicted if not at a much earlier date.

Using the same increase of shipping that Suez had from 1880 to 1910, the future traffic through Panama should be as follows:

Year	*Average ships per month*
1925	430
1930	540
1935	650
1940	760
1945	880
1950	990
1955	1100
1960	1210
1965	1320
1970	1430

There are two seasons on the Isthmus, the rainy season, from about the first of May to the middle of December, and the dry season, from the fifteenth of December to the first of May. Soon after the wet season begins, the artificial lake at Gatun, at the upper level of the Canal, starts to rise and continues rising until its surface is 87 feet above the sea. At that height, excess water must be spilled out through the gates of the dam at Gatun or it would overflow the locks and interfere with the operation of the Canal. When the dry season comes in, the water is wasted by evaporation under the hot tropical sun, and used to make electric power to supply the Canal Zone and in filling the locks when ships pass through. As there is a relatively small inflow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of water into Gatun Lake during the dry season, the lake level begins to fall and continues to do so for about four and a half months, until the wet season again comes in.

When the Canal was completed it was dug to such depth that there was a channel 47 feet deep in Gaillard Cut when Gatun Lake was at its high level. This seemed ample depth for ships around 1910, but in the pressure to make both financial ends meet, shipowners have loaded their vessels deeper and deeper until they now pass from one ocean to the other drawing as much as 34 feet. This means that when the lake is at its maximum height such ships have thirteen feet of water under their keels, but when the lake falls to eighty feet above sea level these deep draft vessels have only six feet of water under them. Six feet of water under the keel is near the limit of safety, for, as the depth of water under a ship's keel decreases, she becomes more difficult to handle. As the narrowest Canal channel is in the Cut, the navigation of which is ticklish at best, a reduction of depth here brings with it danger that some poor-handling ship may run into the rocky banks, sink, and block the channel.

It is certain that shipowners are not going to reduce the draft of their vessels; so, in trying to predict the time when a new Canal will be necessary, we shall assume that, in order to have sufficient water under ships' keels for good handling, the lake should be allowed to fall only seven feet during the dry season, maintaining a depth of 40 feet in the channel through Gaillard Cut. It is also reasonably certain that when one particularly long dry season comes, such as will prevent deep draft ships from using the Canal, it will cause enough criticism of the lack of capacity of the link between the two oceans to compel drastic action to relieve the situation.

There is a fuel oil power plant in the Canal Zone which could be enlarged and operated during the dry season to save all the water now lost in the generation of hydro-electric power. Assuming that this will be done and that we shall again be faced with a dry season as in 1920, the longest and driest on record, there will be enough water in Gatun Lake to lock through 975 ships a month.

From the table it can be seen that we shall reach 975 ships a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

month in 1949. In other words, only twenty-six years from now something must have been done toward increasing the present capacity of the great ditch at Panama. As the present limit to the number of ships that can pass through the Canal hinges on the amount of water that can be stored in Gatun Lake, it will plainly be seen that by 1949 we must provide more water storage for locking through the natural increase of shipping, or we must dig a new Canal.

The dry season capacity of the link between the Atlantic and Pacific can be increased by building a storage dam at Alhajuela, thirteen miles up the Chagres River from the Canal prism, at a cost of something like six million dollars, and further increased by providing a small storage reservoir near the Pacific locks to prevent sudden temporary reduction of depth in Gaillard Cut when drawing off the great amount of water to fill the Pacific locks. The cost of the second and smaller project would be about a million dollars.

With these improvements, the ultimate capacity of the Panama Canal will be reached in 1979. By that time the Canal will be using all the water that can be obtained by additional storage, so that prior to 1979 America must have completed, ready for use, a second Isthmian Canal. It must be cut in some other locality than the Isthmus of Panama, as the present Canal will be using all the water obtainable there. Sometime between 1949, when the capacity of the present water supply will be reached, and 1979, when the Canal will be accommodating all the shipping it can ever handle, an increase in lock capacity will be forced upon us.

Operating full tilt, day and night, the two sets of parallel locks can accommodate all the shipping that can be cared for by the ultimate supply of water in this locality. Occasionally, however, a set of locks must be placed out of commission for renewal of valves, painting the metal parts, etc. During these repair periods, which sometimes last as much as three months at a time, the capacity of the Canal for the passage of ships is reduced to about 1260 ships a month. According to the predicted increase of shipping, in 1962 this number of ships a month will be anchoring at the terminal ports awaiting passage, so that by 1962 we must have completed a third system of locks parallel to the two now in use.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During the first five months of 1923 the average tolls collected from each ship was $4,506.87. Now, according to the predicted rate of increase in passage through the Canal, we shall average, between 1930 and 1950, at least 9,120 ships a year. Taking tolls from these ships at $4,506.87 each would yield a gross annual income of $41,102,654.40. Under the administration of Governor Morrow, economy of operation is steadily increasing, and it is believed that, eventually, the cost of Canal activities will be reduced to about six million dollars a year.

If we charge the cost of the present Canal to naval strategy, and write the debt of construction off the books, as is proper, the net annual revenue from Panama tolls during the period 1930 to 1950 ought to average about thirty-five million dollars. In one generation, then, the tolls turned into the United States Treasury from the Isthmus should amount to about $700,000,000—nearly twice enough to build the new Canal when it is needed.

Summing up, we see that if Panama traffic increases as fast as that of Suez increased between 1880 and 1910, a big addition to the present water storage will be required by 1949, that additional locks will be needed by 1962, and last, but not least, that America must build a second Canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans before 1979.

It required fifty years of advertising to give the American people even a lukewarm feeling toward the necessity for the first Canal. The long trip of the old battleship Oregon, when she was so sorely needed in the Caribbean Sea, brought home to the people the strategic value of the Canal; but, even then, it needed the sheer strength and magnetic personality of a President like Theodore Roosevelt to convince America that the great work had to be done "Now!"

Without Roosevelt there would be no great ditch across the Isthmus. It will be only a short while until more water storage and more locks will be imperative necessities, and within the span of a reasonably short life we must pour vast millions into the construction of another waterway between the two oceans. Will there be a second Roosevelt ready to make America do it?

A. W. Hinds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOVERNMENT BY GROUP PRESSURE

BY ERNEST R. GROVES

THAT politically we are going somewhere everyone knows. But who knows where? At this time of government drift two facts stand out clearly from the fog of uncertainty. As a people we are increasing the powers, the activities and the cost of government. It is to most observers equally evident that we are doing nothing to improve the personnel of the governing officials. Indeed many who are loudly asking for more of government activities, at this point or that, are clearly not at all concerned with the outstanding necessity of having the quality of government keep pace with its quantity.

The tendency toward increase of governmental enterprises and authority is so pronounced that even the dullest citizen has been made conscious of it. The Government in one form or another seems omnipresent. The increase in government activities has had momentum sufficient to push aside political habits and theories that for more than a century have been characteristic of the American. Of course the war added force to the drift toward more government, but the movement was under way before April, 1917. The war gave an unexpected opportunity to the advocates of more government to advance their lines and dig in. With the coming of peace they were found far ahead of their former position, and so thoroughly established that even the returned soldier who was expected to lead the attack upon bureaucratic power, once safely out of France, has made merely a feeble protest followed by demands that the Government use its authority for his advantage. Surely the returned soldier has had no change of heart. Temperamentally he is as hostile to federal coercion as when he swore vengeance in France. He has discovered his helplessness. Government control and government regulation seem to have come to stay. Why not, he says, make the best of what appears inevitable, and at least get a share of the possible benefits?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is strange indeed that so little effort is being made to increase the efficiency of the governing group. The powerful machinery which the Government represents remains in the hands of professional politicians who control the admission to this governing class by an apprenticeship which is so uninviting to the average man of ability that he can hardly be forced into office. It is certainly true that few college students and fewer able college students look forward to entering political life. The price one pays for political preferment has become common knowledge and the ambitious, confident student hesitates to set out upon a long journey of subserviency and partisanship. He feels as a rule that business offers a squarer and more favorable opportunity. If business does not attract him he goes into a profession. Rarely does he plan a government career. And yet it is obvious that when government is extending its powers in every direction there is the greatest need of drawing into the Government the most promising of its young citizenship.

It is even more startling to discover that at the very time when governmental function is extending itself in so many directions and when there is so great a clamour for more and more Federal control, there is also rapidly developing a new political condition in American experience, a decided, widespread skepticism regarding political parties. The newspapers reflect it daily. Candidates are voted for with a surprising lack of enthusiasm and assurance.

Even party discipline in Congress itself is difficult to maintain. Political issues and political leaders are relatively pushed into the background. Other interests have the right of way. No audience, however friendly, appears to take any political speeches seriously. Indifference seems best to sum up the general public attitude toward a class, now largely professional, who for the most part manage the great government machine which in size and power is being so greatly enlarged.

Some years ago, as many readers will remember, the railroads of the country had for several months a series of train wrecks. It was not difficult to locate the trouble. The locomotives recently added to the equipment were heavier and more powerful than they had been. The rails, however, over which they had to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

travel, had not been strengthened in proportion to the new strain they had to meet. During the winter there was widespread trouble with the rails, some spreading and some crumbling because of the weight placed upon them. The officials were not slow to learn their lesson. They insisted upon rails being manufactured equal to the new operating conditions. Suppose the railroad management had adopted the policy of choosing men increasingly less skilful and intelligent as engineers of the new locomotives. They would have been in the predicament in which we find ourselves with an increase of government and a decrease in its personnel. Of course the railroads tried to select the most efficient operators they had for the new locomotives. It should be equally clear that government power cannot be extended safely unless in some manner the public discovers how to increase the social responsibility and efficiency of the governing officials.

Government bureaus, like most institutions, tend to grow by pressure from within. It would seem as if it were the proper task of the reformer and "uplifter" to protect the people from institutional ambition by creating more and more exacting standards for government operations.

An effort to conserve public welfare by attention to the quality of government service would completely change the viewpoint of many of our social workers. The logical force of evidence staring them in the face would hardly fail to convince them that our present need is not more government but better government. Even if one belongs to the school that wishes government to take over more and more social responsibility and social control, he ought to discern that in the light of present facts the immediate need is improvement of government personnel. To develop government beyond its power to function efficiently would seem to prophesy the disastrous experiences of the railroad officials. In such a case, however, the average citizen will merely grow more skeptical of the politician, and the uplifter will probably ask for more government officials to correct the failures of those already acting.

It certainly seems strange that those who agitate for some new government activity so often frankly confess their distrust of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government enterprises already under way. In such cases it would seem as if the mind of the advocate was too bent upon working out his pet scheme to face facts squarely.

The complexity and innovations of modern life have necessitated, as all will willingly grant, new forms of government responsibilities and undertakings. Along with these efforts to adjust government to present-day conditions so that it might continue to do what for long it has been doing, has come the demand for the extension of government into new fields with no emphasis upon the problem of preparing it for its new efforts and with little interest in the possible effects of the new policies on the behavior of individuals.

Doubtless this is in part explained by the inability of the average person to follow in detail the work of the Government so as to see the costs of its accomplishments. It has become an axiom in human experience that any government enterprise sooner or later costs more in the energy put forth to accomplish a result than if the matter were handled by private, competitive organizations.

However, as in many experiences during the late war, few are able to see the activity from beginning to end and especially to appreciate its cost, and so only the final result is impressive. The onlooker gets vividly the idea of the omnipotence of government but no understanding at all of its omnifarious waste, or its inherent tendency to degenerate into a static, red-tape institutionalism. The question, therefore, is not what the Government can do, but what it can do with social efficiency. Surely, the answer depends in part upon the attention given to government by the citizenship, upon the social esteem in which the governing officials are held, and upon the attractiveness that a government career has for those now attracted by business.

This is the crux of the entire situation. Those most anxious to extend government are seldom ready to admit that the success of government is related to the problem of discovering those richly endowed intellectually and bringing them into the various forms of government service. It seems rather that with the crusade for more government usually goes an attitude that frowns upon the suggestion that great individual differences in mental

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capacity exist in any social group. The root of much of the craving for more government is the belief, widely prevalent as a result of much preachment, that individual differences are inequalities artificially fostered by political institutions. The conclusion follows that it is the business of government to legislate against inequalities, and when the issue is frankly stated advocates of more government are also largely advocates of more conformity.

To argue for artificial distinctions or inequalities would be an effort of folly. One can only say that to some extent they will exist in any social group, however undesirable and however great the effort to be rid of them. Natural inequalities are different indeed. They have an evolutionary value and no Government can socially prosper that wars upon them. It is easy to see, nevertheless, how it comes about that we have at present such pressure for government undertakings which attempt to equalize individuals.

Public well-being demands that governments exercise certain functions, not because of their special efficiency in doing the tasks, but because the necessity of equal treatment of all requires that the enterprise be a public one. The postoffice is a good illustration of the latter type. The step between giving all equal treatment in a matter of common utility and using government to iron out differences in native ability is not great for the dreamer or agitator, but it actually means the destruction of the basis of progress.

The influence of present governmental tendencies is already showing itself in practical policies. The interests affected by government policies are so many and the possibilities of special favors so great that it is of the utmost consequence to every industrial group, whether composed of labor or capital, to impress its will upon the officials in power. This struggle for control of the government machine as a means of advancing group interests is undermining party government. Already the historic parties have lost much of their political substance. Without regard to party affiliation each organized interest tries to control legislation and to replace officials not subject to its pressure. To attempt to dominate a party has become a political anachro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nism. The individual legislator is sought after, and such pressure is put upon him that he is made in large measure a delegate who champions a series of efforts to make use of the immense government equipment for the advantage of some economic group. This is making Washington, and to a lesser degree State capitals, mere registration centers for group pressure. If this tendency continues, political life will become intolerable for those who attempt on the basis of personal conviction to legislate for public welfare.

Government by group pressure means government by minorities, for the group specially interested in some government measure which is expected to give it an artificial advantage is in a position to exercise more pressure than other citizens who are largely unorganized and individually less concerned about the proposed legislation. Thus it becomes possible for relatively small groups to impress Congress, and in the medley of the various measures passed the general public is helpless in any effort to show its attitude toward any particular bill. The Congressman is, as a rule, more anxious to discover the amount of pressure that can be exerted for or against a definite bill than to learn the general public attitude toward it. As a result each legislative session brings into being a mass of measures unrelated and often inconsistent, but each satisfying some organized group who expect to obtain an advantage from the system, and who forget the others actuated by the same motive. Since the different groups are working at cross purposes, the total effect is often not at all what the separate groups expected and so they appear next session with new proposals.

The basic difficulty in our present political tendency is the fact that it is a policy that assumes public separations and group compartments. Prosperity and social welfare are both fundamentally circulating conditions. No class stands alone. No interest lives by itself. No industry can win artificial government help and keep its advantage. It merely teaches other interests to seek the same means of prosperity and the final end is disregard of economic law, and loss for all.

The dishonest man expects gain because he assumes others will be honest. The special interest intends to get an advantage

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by pressure on governing officials because it supposes it has an exclusive "pull". As a matter of fact both dishonesty and "pull" are contagious and the result for both the fraud and the lobbyist is largely self-deception.

When it comes to government, multitudes cease to think in terms of causes; they tolerate only their desires. As members of groups—labor organizations and capital alliances—we feed our class appetites upon programmes chosen with little serious effort to survey, with unbiased minds, the entire field. We adopt ideas made possible because of our detachment from the great social unity, and struggle for a supremacy which is really self-deceiving. More knowledge will reveal the true state of affairs. Until economic and social laws are popularized and the results of previous political experiments made known without bias, we shall continue to suffer from political programmes that are emotional wishes rather than calm judgments.

ERNEST R. GROVES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANCIS PARKMAN: 1823–1893

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

On a fresh afternoon in May, in the year 1846, a tall, young man, mounted on a sorrel horse, rode through the checkered sun and shade of the thinning forest, a day's journey out from Westport—now Kansas City. At the border of the wood, he halted and looked out over "the green oceanlike prairie, stretching swell beyond swell to the horizon." He dismounted, as he tells us, tethered his horse and lay down on the grass to await his companions and to think about the scene before him and the purpose which had led him here.

This young man was Francis Parkman. He was in his twenty-third year. He had proposed to himself no less an undertaking than that of writing the vast history of the struggle between the English and French for the occupation of North America; and he had come to the western prairies to follow the Oregon Trail, with the intent of capturing from reality the color, gesture, and customs of the vanishing Indian, whose portrait was to form a leading feature of his great design.

Nothing in Parkman's remarkable career as an author is more striking than the fact that at this early point he saw clearly before him the colossal outline of the masterpiece on which he was to spend the entire seventy years of his life. Four years before, while still a student at Harvard, he had begun to dream of this undertaking:

> Before the end of the sophomore year, my various schemes had crystallized into a plan of writing a story of what was then known as "The Old French War"—for here, as it seemed to me, the forest drama was more stirring and the forest stage more thronged than in any other passage of our history. It was not till some years later that I enlarged the plan to include the whole course of the American conflict between France and England, or, in other words, the history of the American forest; for this was the light in which I regarded it. My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted with wilderness images day and night.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From this time forward, two ideas possessed me. One was to paint the forest and its tenants in true and vivid colors; the other was to realize a certain ideal of manhood, a little mediæval, but nevertheless good. . . .

I remember to have had a special aversion for the Reverend Dr. Channing, not for his heresies, but for his meager proportions, sedentary habits, environment of close air and female parishioners, and his preachments of the superiority of mind over matter; for while I had no disposition to gainsay his proposition in the abstract, it was a cardinal point with me that while the mind remains a habitant of earth, it cannot dispense with a sound material basis, and that to neglect and decry the corporeal part in the imagined interest of the spiritual is proof of a nature either emasculate or fanatical. For my own part, instead of neglecting I fell to lashing and spurring it into vigor and prosperity.

As one reads Parkman's early diaries, a certain hardy perversity, a humourous but firm and rather grim detachment, manifests itself in the diarist's mental life. Born on Beacon Hill of a family of means and distinction, he had lived in the midst of a spacious and altruistic hospitality. As we learn from his biographers, he was tall, with flashing eyes, soldierly carriage and attractive manners. He told a good story. He could dismount and mount a horse at a gallop. He was greatly admired by his young contemporary kinsmen and friends of both sexes in Boston, admired at Harvard, a member of the Hasty Pudding, fiery in argument, an entertaining if somewhat haughty companion, a mettled youth, with a large share of the gaieties and agreeable nonsense of youth in his fortune.

In his course of opposition to the ideals of Dr. Channing he overstrained his heart in gymnastic feats in his junior year at Harvard. At the beginning of his senior year his physician found him still too ill from this disability to pursue his studies. "I was thereupon," Parkman says, "ordered to Europe, where I spent the greater part of a year, never losing sight of my plans, and learning much that helped to forward them." He returned from his European journey in improved health. He took his A. B. degree; and to please a parental wish completed the course of the Harvard Law School.

The necessary studies of these years, in themselves a sufficient occupation for most of the young men engaged in them, were for Parkman but a concession from the labors and researches entailed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by his more important plan. At about this period he determined to write the history of the conspiracy of Pontiac.

The reader will recall that chronologically this work forms the last volume of the great series beginning with the journeys of De Soto in the south and Champlain in the north. But curiously enough the Indian conspiracy, which was to be its final picture, was the first volume of the panorama which Parkman produced. Seeing the design of his consecutive histories as a unified whole from a very early point in his work of composition, he proceeded from the first by a rather singular method. The various books which formed the entire construction were not written and placed according to their natural sequence. It was as though he had been a scene-painter who kept several sections of his whole design blocked out and standing around his studio, and worked now on this portion of his composition and now on that.

The Pontiac history was a record involving peculiar difficulties. Under the strain of Parkman's work on it combined with his study of the law his health broke again:

> I now resolved to execute a scheme which I had long meditated. This was to visit the wild tribes of the West and live among them for a time, as a necessary part of training for my work. I hoped by exchanging books and documents for horse and rifle to gain three objects at once—health, use of sight, and personal knowledge of savage life.

Such had been the history of Francis Parkman and the progress of his dream up to the point of his entrance on the Oregon Trail in the Spring of 1846. He and his cousin, Quincy Adams Shaw, had found a guide, Henri Chatillon, and a muleteer, Deslauriers, at Independence in Missouri; and with three riding horses, three led horses, a wagon and two mules, they set out for Fort Laramie, and later Fort Bent, in Colorado, on their classic journey, not to return until the following October.

Among the many other values of *The Oregon Trail* for its interested reader its chief excellence of course is as the notebook of the future historian. Here, in his long days and nights in the Ogillallah lodge, in his rides with the Hail Storm and the Horse, his experience of the courage, the superstition, the treachery, the cruelty, the filth, the freedom, the stupidity, the triviality and dignity of the Red Indian, are the palette and dashes of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pigment from which Parkman was later to mix the immortal colors of his great realistic and unsentimentalized portrait of the American savage.

But the book has another, lesser value, which has dowered it for countless readers with a more seizing if lighter attraction. It is, as far as I am able to judge, the first authentic record of our undying, national passion for going camping. The reader of today will find in its fascinating pages all the familiar and recognizable sensations of camping—its joys, discomforts, triumphs and difficulties, set forth as if the story were narrated of an American camping expedition of last month. The hobbled horses jumping so far at night that the next morning's start is delayed—the inconveniences attendant on pitching camp after dark—the annoying proclivity of nature for sending down thunder showers at four or five in the afternoon—the wide freshness of the sky, the earth, the illimitable peace of returning to your ancient heritage—the prevalence of flies—even the familiar surprise attendant on the inevitable re-entrance to civilization and the odd sight of one's camping companions as they finally emerge in the changed and confining garb of townspeople on hotel piazzas—all these ageless phenomena of the days and ways of western camping survive in immortal tradition in *The Oregon Trail.*

For graphic and humourous description, precision in observation, good judgment in comprehending situations and character, *The Oregon Trail* is an astonishing feat for a youth of twenty-three. The distinct drop and inferiority of its latter chapters are due no doubt to Parkman's greatly weakened physical condition at the time of the experience these chapters recount. But they tell us certain things we should not otherwise have known concerning Parkman's mental limitations and mental growth as the author of American histories.

Parkman had gone west for the purpose of knowing the lives of the inhabitants of the West; and he observes them without shrinking from the imputation of intrusion, shares their hospitality for knowledge of their domestic customs, and is even asked to absent himself after he has pushed between the shoulders of the outer row of spectators at a sacred Indian rite. But the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tireless seeker of information from his fellow-travelers cannot tolerate the least request for information concerning himself and his young kinsman. The crime against delicacy which finally cuts off Doniphan's Missouri Volunteers from all consideration as they cross the Plains on their terrible march, and causes Parkman to cease speaking to them at all, is that they dare to inquire from him the name of Quincy Adams Shaw, a thing, it seems, too sacred for him to disclose:

> We soon had abundant evidence of their rustic breeding. . . . "Are you captain?" asked one fellow. "Whar do you live when you're to home?" and to crown the whole, one of them came confidentially to my side and inquired in a low voice, "What's your partner's name?"

One is glad to hear that the names of Mr. Parkman and Mr. Shaw were not so unduly impressive to Doniphan's Volunteers but that "we could overhear them muttering curses." In short, Parkman sees these men on their lonely and perilous march in a manner hopelessly trivial and snobbish.

All along the trail Parkman and his companions had met the representatives of those who were in time to possess the prairie, the emigrants of the covered wagon, the backwoodsmen of the Kentucky and Missouri mountains, who were to become the plainsmen of a later period and who embodied then the spirit of the plainsmen, the spirit of the patient, the plodding, the thing which could march on day after day in neighbourly persistence through flood, fire, hardship, Indian outrage, through birth and death. Although Parkman had himself but recently learned the ways of western camping and was not so expert but that he had lost himself on three occasions, yet his despite of the ignorance of these more newly-arrived travelers is extreme. He condemns not only their ignorance but their poverty, their shabby clothes and "domestic tailoring." To the future historian these backwoods settlers and incipient plainsmen, of the stuff which produced Lincoln and Grant, are but ill-conditioned and uncouth creatures of a lower class with whom the scion of an excellent Boston family prefers not to come into contact. Their griefs, their sufferings, their struggles, their epic—which was to be for posterity the most significant story of *The Oregon Trail*—remain totally unappreciated by Parkman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This was youth," some one will say. "Besides it doubtless is easier to understand the power of the first plainsmen now in vista, than when one saw them in their hour of trial." There is a little in these considerations, but not much. Parkman did not need our own contemporary knowledge nor more years to save him from some of the stupidities and shallowness his work records on the subject of some of his acquaintances of the western trail. We have in this book, before the appearance of his invaluable histories, not only the artist's palette but a considerable account of the faculties of the artist himself at the outset of his career—a portrait which one does not prize the less for its striking tale of youthful prejudices and impenetrations.

Parkman returned from his five months' journey and his long encampment in the lodges of the Ogillallah with his eyesight permanently enfeebled by the desert glare, his health irreparably broken by the dysentery and fever which had scourged him throughout his indomitable efforts, and with his mind filled with impressions of truth which were to make him, in some respects, peerless among historians.

He went back to invalidism and the care and foreboding of the oculists. In the next months he dictated the entire text of *The Oregon Trail*, which was published serially in *The Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1848. The shades of the plainsmen as well as of Dr. Channing were to have their revenge upon Parkman's philosophy of life; and he was now to learn something more both of the ways of inevitable ill-health and of plodding patience. Before completing *The Oregon Trail* he had returned to the section of his series of history afterwards entitled *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*—a section which as we have seen he had begun two years before his western journey. The documents collected for *Pontiac*—

were read to me by friends and relatives at times when the brain was least rebellious, and I wrote without use of sight, by means of a sort of literary gridiron, laid on the page to guide the hand. For some months the average rate of progress did not exceed three or four lines a day, and the chapters thus composed were afterwards re-written. If, as I was told, brain work was poison, the dose was homœopathic and the effect was good, for within a year I could generally work with the eyes of others, two hours or more a day, and in about three years the book was finished.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before this time, in 1850, when he was twenty-seven years old, Parkman had married the daughter of his physician, the distinguished Dr. Jacob Bigelow. A short space of happier fortune and better health followed for him. He immediately began collecting the materials for *Pioneers of France and England in North America;* but by 1853 his old enemy again attacked him. Pain and agonizing torment in the head and brain, a condition of sight approaching blindness, the necessity of protection from the sun and of living in darkened rooms—these were the miseries which were to pursue Parkman through the remainder of his life. The entire substance of his superb work was built up in the brief intermission from these cruel inflictions of fortune.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac was published in 1851. For a long period afterwards no literary work was possible to him, not even, as he says, "with the eyes of others," nor with the use of his gridiron. Shadowed as it was by illness, yet Parkman's married life was exceedingly happy. His wife, we learn, had a temper as courageous as his own. He had inherited a competence sufficient for comfort if not ample. They had three children. But before he was thirty-five, new misfortunes thickened about him. His son died in 1857. His wife died in 1858.

From this time forth his biography is a record of invalidism with brief intervals of Spartan effort on his lifelong task. The Civil War came and went. His daughters grew up and married. He extended the wonders of his flower-garden at his summer place; produced the *Lilium Parkmanni*, which measured twelve inches from petal-tip to petal-tip: assumed a partnership and entered into commercial floriculture for a brief experiment soon ended. Sometimes the great design had to be abandoned for months at a time. Sometimes he was so far recovered as to be able to make journeys to Europe in quest of documents.

Concerning Parkman's "case" there was much disagreement among doctors. A great deal has been written on the subject of which the lay reader has not skill to judge; and must leave to contemporary psychopathy. Parkman's regard for physical prowess has in it a strain of morbidity and irrationality. His career was founded on an anomaly, an inconsistency serious enough perhaps to cause a neurosis. He had throughout his life

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a general disapproval of human helpfulness, an objection against all civilized effort for the aid of the weak or the suffering or poor, or for the relief of prisoners. It was a terror of the same kind as that permeating Henry James's presentation of the Woman Suffrage movement of the nineteenth century in *The Bostonians*. But while condemning kindness and disparaging the powers of women, Parkman was for fifty years virtually dependent on the strength of these elements of existence for the practice of his art.

The reader between the lines who knows the limitations of sight and health which fate had placed upon the historian will remain astounded at the labours of research performed for him by others. While part of this was done by paid amanuenses, readers and copyists, the lion's share of this effort was accomplished by members of his family, his chief assistant being his youngest sister, Miss Eliza Parkman.

The amount of documentation, the mass of verification, behind the least of Parkman's histories, is almost inconceivable to the reader carried along smoothly in the flow of their brilliant narrative. Henry Dwight Sedgwick says in his sympathetic biography:

> For *Montcalm and Wolfe*, besides books, pamphlets, *brochures*, memoirs, reports, documents, and all the multitudinous forms of print,—brevier, long primer, small pica, not to forget bourgeois, nonpareil, Garmond, and Cicero, and all the other outlandish types of foreign lands,—six thousand folio pages of manuscript had been copied from the *Archives de la Marine et des Colonies*, the *Archives de la Guerre*, and the *Archives Nationales*, at Paris; ten volumes of copies had been made from the Public Record Office and the British Museum in London; and on the heels of these he had to listen to the slow deciphering of cramped writing, crabbed writing, hasty, blotted, blurred writing, faded writing,—all sorts of writing, abbreviated by caprice and the waywardest fancy, naturally bad, worsened by time, by the corruptions of moth and dust and all the foes of history.

Parkman struggled with the creation of the history of the American forest as Gilliatt struggled to save the machinery of the wreck between the Douvres in the sea-cave in *The Toilers of the Sea*. He says in 1865 in the preface of the first edition of *Pioneers of England and France in the New World:*

> To those who have aided him with information and documents, the extreme slowness in the progress of the work will naturally have caused surprise. This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slowness was unavoidable. During the past eighteen years the state of his (the author's) health has exacted throughout an extreme caution in regard to mental application, reducing it at best within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. Indeed for two periods, each of several years, any attempt at bookish occupation would have been merely suicidal. A condition of sight arising from kindred sources has also retarded the work, since it has never permitted reading or writing continuously for much more than five minutes, and often has not permitted them at all.

The publication of *Pioneers of France and England in the New World* was followed two years later (in 1867) by *The Jesuits in North America*, and by *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* in 1869. Five years elapsed before the appearance of *The Old Régime in Canada* in 1874, with its amazing picture of the government administration of the day. Then came *Frontenac and the New Régime* and the tale of the *coureurs* in 1879. The great feat of composition embodied in *Montcalm and Wolfe* was completed in 1884.

For many years the sales of Parkman's books did not pay the expenses incurred in writing them. But gradually the tide turned. Each succeeding volume brought him wider audiences; and he had always been a historian for historians, for writers. John Fiske calls *Pontiac* "one of the most brilliant and fascinating books that have been written since the days of Herodotus." Theodore Roosevelt says, in asking Parkman whether he may dedicate to him *The Winning of the West*: "Your works stand alone, and must be models for all historical treatment of the founding of new communities and the growth of the frontier here in the wilderness." In another letter concerning the dedication to Parkman of a volume of essays, Henry Cabot Lodge says: "I wished in some public fashion to express the great admiration I feel for your writings and for your services to American history, and also for the courage, character, and will which have enabled you to do such work despite the obstacles with which you have contended and which you have so entirely overcome." Henry James writes that he has been so deeply moved by *Montcalm and Wolfe* that he cannot spell his letter of acknowledgment correctly: and Henry Adams says of the same book that it puts Parkman in the front rank of living English historians, and that it is a model of thorough and impartial study and clear statement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

About the financial success of his books Parkman seems never to have been greatly concerned. He met the lesser and the larger fortunes of his work with the same equanimity. He possessed indeed a noble equanimity and heroic self-control. We have numerous testimonies to these magnificent qualities in the historian's life, but none more touching than that recounted by Mr. Sedgwick from two of Parkman's nieces:

> During all the years from their childhood to womanhood,—in town, when they were not staying in the same house, they lived across the street and ran in daily,—during all these years they never once heard an impatient word fall from his lips, they never once saw an impatient look; they merely could divine that he would not let them be troubled by his pain. This is the triumph of stoicism, of the sweet stoicism of Marcus Aurelius, mingled in no small measure with the teachings of the Galilean Fisherman.

In 1892 Parkman was able to arrange the final block of his great series, *A Half Century of Conflict*, in its antepenultimate place. With a tenacity of purpose unequalled in so far as may be learned in the field of letters, he had completed his great design. A year later he died, deeply beloved as a man of infinite noble patience and courage, widely honored as a scholarly historian, a great writer, the creator of a national treasure increasingly precious.

Francis Parkman came into the world on September 16, 1823—one hundred years ago. Thirty years and more have passed since his series was finished. In reading it today from the first footprint of *Pioneers of France and England in the New World* to the last far-flying arrow of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, the reader has two advantages—the advantage of seeing as a continuous whole the vast sweep of events presented, and the advantage of regarding in vista the beautiful history of the American forest.

To such a reader this superb series will appear not only the work of a gifted historian, a conscientious scholar, but of a great artist. Each of its volumes presents a different aspect of the subject. Savages, priests, nuns, *coureurs du bois*, Governors of Canada, explorers, fur-traders, throng the scene and no two of the *dramatis personæ* are alike. The reader journeys through innumerable virgin forests, in Canada, in Maine, in western Pennsylvania and Ohio and on the Illinois; and he never wearies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the journey for no two of the forests are the same; and no one ever excelled Parkman in the precision and beauty of his descriptions of the American forest.

It is not only as a narrator but as a discoverer that the historian excels. *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* is the most striking instance perhaps of Parkman's gift of historical exploration, though his volumes abound in other such instances equally valuable if less salient. In *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* we have a chapter of human events of great importance but heretofore unrelated and unconnected—and now forming a continuous narrative of well-ascertained truth, a miraculous picture of racial tragedy.

In *A Half-Century of Conflict* and *La Salle* the unique events which form each of these wonderful stories had not before been seen as connected sequences, as phenomena lasting over many years and affecting great numbers of human beings. Obtained from masses of private letters, personal and official correspondence, diaries,—all discoverable sources of information,—these two histories stand out from the silent cliffs of the impenetrable past like colossal statues detached from the living rock of the truth of the centuries by the hand of a master sculptor.

Parkman had a high qualification as a historian in his peerless and stoic curiosity. He clings to no theory of his own; idealizes none of his heroes; idealizes no race, no nation. This quality enabled him to perform among many others two signal services to American history. By the inclusion of the Indians and the French in his picture of North America he corrected a vision of the past, still existent indeed, but then more widely prevalent—a vision of the history of North America, as simply a chronicle of the New England colonies. And he almost destroyed the tableau Indian of *Hiawatha*, the Indian of Wordsworth's—

> He was a lovely youth. I guess
> The panther in the wilderness
> Was not so fair as he—

by his realistic presentation of the American savage. Every volume of Parkman's histories is filled with relentless portraits of the savage nature in its full treachery and frantic cruelty. These qualities are unsparingly indicated by the historian in the presence of his abiding sense of the profound pathos of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indian's inevitable tragedy. Nothing is omitted here nor set down in malice. One sees the land as it really was, with its magnificent virgin forest strewn under the murmuring pines and the hemlocks with the monstrosities of intertribal warfare and savage domination, a chamber of silent horrors.

It has been said that no one understands a situation so well as the observer who has polished the blur of a prejudice from the lens of his vision. Perhaps the keenness, calm and impartiality of Parkman's presentation may proceed from some such cause. Certainly as his opinions are shown in his diaries, letters, biographies, and his odd novel, *Vassal Morton*, his views of mankind appear narrow, hard, uninformed and little better than tribal; and he seems not to wish to seek truth concerning these opinions and views but simply to sit and guard them at the door of his tent. In spite of Henry James's deep regard for Parkman's character and admiration of his books, as well as what must have been an instinctive sympathy with his dark grudge against social progress, one cannot help feeling that perhaps something of the outline of Waymarsh "Sitting Bull" in *The Ambassadors* may have been caught from the personality of our great American historian—in my belief our greatest historian.

For however limited and harsh Parkman's prejudices may be in other communications, when he becomes a writer of history he puts away childish things, and speaks with the full range of impartial truth. The creature who writes the merciful, humourous and clear record of the hallucination of Marie de l'Incarnation, the man who relates the full horror of the Indian captivities, and the long humble odyssey of the great Jesuit, Jogues, is a very different person from the trivial contemner of the western emigrants in 1846. There is a determined power of clear justice in Parkman's histories which seems often to shine with the thrilling light cast by barriers burned away.

History is supremely the story of the infinite variety of human powers: and Parkman's success as a graphic chronicler is largely due to his brilliant gift of characterization. Many striking figures rise to one's mind as one thinks of his pages—Champlain, Menendez, Marie de l'Incarnation, La Vérendrye, Wolfe, Frontenac, Madame Frontenac, Sir William Johnson, the priest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brebœuf and his companion Lalemant, Tonti, La Salle, Pontiac. This gift of characterization is at its height in *La Salle*. One reads each of the histories and re-reads them at a gallop, unable to stop till one has passed to the end of every "tale of blood and guile." But in *La Salle*, when all this seems part of one's consciousness, one turns back again and again to the story of the explorer's inner life, its subtle shadows, fatal discords and wild loneliness. More than any other of Parkman's histories *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* is the story of a man's soul. You are interested in La Salle's relation to his overwhelming purpose as you are interested in Hamlet's relation to his overwhelming purpose. Parkman's La Salle in its poetry, sympathy and insight, as well as in its expression of the hero's bitter analysis of his own shortcomings as the servant of his own intent, rises as a towering figure, one of the most powerful creations imaginable, and comparable indeed with Hamlet. The tremendous close of that history of inland waters, the welter of thick-coming misfortunes in the search for the lost mouth of the Mississippi, the assassination on the bayou, are told and conceived in the manner of the noblest repose of classic art. Something high and spacious, beyond thwarted ambition and the sense of human injustice, speaks in the tone of these thrilling chapters, composed in a realm of the mind—

> From too much love of living, from hope and fear set free.

A perennial objection justifiably arises in this country against the immense vogue in American letters of the insincere, the pretentious, the briefly fashionable. In the midst of this the work and fame of Francis Parkman stand like a rock. Here is a fine achievement in letters whose effort occupied a life of seventy years—an achievement sincere, genuine, and accomplished not in some literary manner of the month or the year but in a style expressive for succeeding generations and all time. Today, a hundred years after the historian's birth, it seems an omen of good hope that his countrymen have known enough to hold in lasting admiration and honor the great work of Francis Parkman.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIEW OF TEIGNMOUTH IN DEVONSHIRE

MARCH, 1818

BY AMY LOWELL

["Atkins, the coachman, Bartlett, the surgeon, Simmons, the barber, and the Girls over the Bonnet-shop, say we shall now have a month of seasonable weather—warm, witty, and full of invention."—Letter of Keats to Reynolds.]

It's a soppy, splashy, muddy country
And he is dead sick of stair and entry,
Of four walls cuddling round his chair,
And breathing full as much water as air.
London is so far away
It dreams, like Latmos. He has sat all day
Copying that cursed Fourth Book and he's struck
A snag, and his drying sand won't suck.
His mind's like a seed gone to rot with rain
And—Damn it, there's poor Tom coughing again!

Mr. John Keats crams his hat well on
Over his ears and walks up and down
The soggy streets of Teignmouth town.
Mr. John Keats walks along the streets
Of Teignmouth and asks every soul he meets
If the sun ever shines in Devonshire,
Whether the weather they live with here
Is sometimes what one might really call fair,
With the sun in the sky and a brisk to the air?
The hat of Mr. John Keats is wet,
But his eyes are sharp and ferret-set,
He is seeking the sun with a quicksilver-rod,
Noting the veer in a neighbour's nod,
Gauging the drift of a neighbour's words
As they might be a flock of South-come birds.

Atkins, the coachman, sets his mug
Down on the counter and gives a shrug.
"Lor' love you, Sir, if I was to tell
The way I know, you might call it smell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I smell it right across the rain,
Dry and gentle; its plain as plain
To-day, I give it a week to run,
This rain, and then we'll have the sun,
As skittish as a piebald colt
And sudden as a thunderbolt.
All full o' notions, that's the way
Of the sun down here on a Summer's day.
Just take my word, before you've said
'Jack Robinson,' you'll be hugging the shade
Of every wall, and sweatin' in
A steam like my team when I bring 'em in.
Well, thank ye, Sir, I don't mind if I do,
Brandy neat is my usual brew."

Smell it, could he? The man's insane.
Smell the sun through a week of rain!
Yet the thought has a kind of glamour to it,
A relish of wit, however you view it,
A rainbow quip for a rainy day.
Mr. Keats, plodding through wet clay,
Is aware of a certain direct effect
Of joy in his heart. He stands erect.
Surely the mist is silvering.
His footsteps sound with a livelier ring.
If anything glitters in Teignmouth streets
This afternoon, it is John Keats.

Mr. Bartlett is hurrying by
At a speed which announces that minutes fly,
But he pauses briefly just to say
"Ah, Mr. Keats, how are you to-day?
The sun? Oh, very shortly now,
We shall be scorched before we know.
Didn't you hear the crows this morning?
They always give one plenty of warning.
And Mrs. Bartlett talks of house-cleaning,
Every married man can read the meaning
Of that. When the women begin to clack
It's a surer sign than the almanac.
The barometer's risen a point or two
Since yesterday, and this mist is blue,
Not grey. I am sorry I cannot stop,
But a surgeon is always on the hop.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If it's not for one thing then it's another.
Of course you're anxious because of your brother.
Tell him he'll soon have all the basking
In sunlight he wants, and just for the asking.
But I must go, Mrs. Green's brought to bed—
Oh, tell him to keep it off of his head."

Smash! bang! Mr. Keats. Another chain
Is snapped, and there's a gold tint to the rain.

Simmons the barber's as shrunk as a pippin
Hung on a beam which you might nick a chip in,
But never could suck for its juice is all dried.
This afternoon he is standing inside
His doorway, just behind his pole,
With the mien of a migratory soul
Perching an instant before departing
Otherwhere, he seems always just starting
To leave, a whirling weather-cock
On the edge of flight, but tied to a block.
"Good afternoon, Mr. Keats," says he,
"Brushing up a bit of good weather, I see.
That's the way, young men can tell
A season's turn uncommonly well.
I've had a full day, the whole town at once.
But when I learnt my trade every dunce
Who could snap a scissors did not dare hoist a pole.
I remember one day when they called out the roll
In the old sixty-third, every man of the lot
Was new shaved and powdered and wound, and my pot
And razors all cleaned and I with the rest of them
As spick and as span I could match with the best of them.
To cut a round head requires some skill,
But nothing to binding a cue, there's a thrill
In a nicely tied cue, I can't see how the girls
Can put up a man who wears his own curls.
But fashion is fashion, the hussy, and I've
Been her very devoted since I've been alive.
And, thank God, she has not yet set her approval
On beards except in the way of removal.
I wish you could feel the delight I receive
When my razor slides over your skin, I'd as leave
Shave a man in his twenties as go to a play,
There's romance in it, Sir, when you see the soap spray

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Into bubbles and lather, and your blade cuts a line
And lets through the smooth face like a moon, it's so fine
That I dream it sometimes. I've a soul for such fancies,
Old barbers like shaving as young girls like dances.
And one makes the other. Who would dance a quadrille
With a rough, stubble chin? That fellow who will
Is a hater of women, a thief in the egg,
He's just ripe for a ball attached to his leg.
Why look, Sir, and tell me if fully two-thirds
Of the unshaven men do not end as jail-birds.
Our prisons are full of them, I dare to swear
No convict's without a two-day's growth of hair.
I don't hold with this personal shaving, it's sordid.
A man should spend well on himself, I wish more did.
But no man can cut his own hair, that's a fact,
And a hair-cut requires a vast deal of tact.
A doctor wants his to look sober and grave,
Tradesmen are addicted to a float and a wave,
And again, one must know the sort of commodity
Your client purveys or there's danger of oddity.
A butcher cut like a silk-mercer won't do.
And a military man must carry a clue
To his martial exploits in the style of his head,
While a poet—you're a poet, Sir, I think I've heard said—
Oh, no, Sir, indeed, not a bit more confined,
A poet's hair should seem the least trifle inclined
To a graceful disorder, it should look well when tossed;
If you cut it too short this effect is quite lost.
Oh, I beg, Mr. Keats, not another least snip.
Oh, dear, I do really regret that last clip.
I am glad you are pleased, but I don't think a poet
Should order his hair so that no one can know it.
Still, you look very well, though I should have preferred
More dash and confusion for you. I have heard
That Lord Byron measures his hair with a rule
Before it is cut, and the least thimbleful
Too much taken off sets him all in a taking.
I've been told of men who couldn't cut him for shaking.
The weather will change in less than a week,
I have felt it these last few days on my cheek,
My skin always answers to the slightest degree
Of more or less moisture. You'll hardly agree
That it's dryer and warmer, but my touch is so fine
I can tell a South wind when it's over the line.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of course they'll say different, these poor rustic churls,
But you be all ready for sparking the girls
By Tuesday. I'll tip you the wink. We old men
Remember our own young days, now and again."

Mr. John Keats has a jaunty swing
In his gait, as he leaves the chattering
Old barber, bowing beside his door.
Of course he feels the sort of core
Of golden sun the mist falls through.
What is a day, what is two?
The sun is coming up from the line
Like a fifty-four with its sails ashine.
He feels the flower-scented South
Like a taste of apricot in his mouth.
He thinks of primroses under the hedge
Where the pathway runs by the sheer cliff edge;
Of the downs above where sheep have trod
Crooked grey patterns across the sod,
And the shadows of turf-walls, cool and still,
Mark who owns where all down the hill;
Of a long slow ocean, so dazzling bright
Its blue is smothered in spangled white.
He thinks of queer sea-paths cross-running,
Smooth on ripple, of the quiet sunning
Of rocks and meadows, of violets
Creeping through grass, of drying nets,
Of poetry read with the sun on his book
And the freckling of leaves for an overlook.
Somebody laughs, somebody calls,
"Good-day, Mr. Keats." It drops from the walls,
A perfume of laughter which flutters and falls.
Lime-tree blossoms by turret stairs,
Laughter of flowers no more than theirs,
Sunny golden acacia blooms
Peeping into maidens' rooms,
Snap a spray and throw it over
The window-ledge to a waiting lover.
Mr. Keats comes to a stop
For the girls are over the Bonnet-shop
Leaning out like waving roses
Over a gate, most lovely of poses.
"Stay where you are, Girls," says Mr. Keats,
"You pose as the dryads of Teignmouth streets.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Haydon were here he would jot you down
In a jiffy, with your hair wet and blown
And your little laughing faces like pansies."
"La! Mr. Keats, you do have such fancies."
"Fancies or no, I believe it clears.
Don't you feel the sun on your cheeks, my Dears?
Or smell it perhaps? What do you think?
There's a hocus-pocus to-day in my ink
Which would not let me write a line,
And I itch for the sight of a columbine.
Tell me, have you noticed anything
Which points to a near-by Summering?"
"Oh yes," said little Number One,
" All day I have felt the sun,
I saw it on a wheat-straw bonnet
I was making, the sun lay upon it,
And I thought the muslin blue-bells were sweet."
"That," said Mr. Keats, "is proof complete."
Said Number Two, "I pricked my thumb
Three times running, and fair days come
After three pricks, it is always so.
Grandmother taught me long ago."
"I dreamt last night," said Number Three,
"Of a great thick-leaved fuchsia-tree
Full of blossoms, purple and red,
And the blossoms played music over my head
Like bells of glass and copper bells
And wind in the trees when the ocean swells
Flood tide over the beach, and shells
Glisten like rubies with the water sheen
And the sky at the back of the town is green."
"You prophesy in a parable,"
Said Mr. Keats. "Oh, April-fool!"
Cried the girls who were over the Bonnet-shop.
And the laughter was sweet as a lollipop
To an urchin's palate, in his ears.
With a gesture, he brushed aside their jeers.
"But will it clear?" "Of course it will,"
Said the three, "if you patiently wait until
It does." And they laughed in a rainbow chord,
High, and low, and middleward.
And Mr. Keats laughed too, though he knew
That they had not said one word in two
Of what he'd imagined they might have said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But who cares a button who bakes the bread
So the bread is baked? And a Bonnet-shop
May be what you please, even Latmos top.
So Mr. Keats went blithely on,
Quite as if the round sun shone,
Back to his copying his Fourth Book.
And the girls watched him until a crook
In the street, when he turned it, hid him from sight.
Then they noticed that it was growing night.
So they put their bonnets away, and the three
Lit the lamp and sat down to tea,
Immortal for always, because John Keats
Had taken a walk through Teignmouth streets,
And stopped when one of them said "Good-day."
Clio is odd in her ways, they say.
The coachman, the surgeon, the barber, the girls—
Islands raised out of darkening swirls.
Who else was in Teignmouth that afternoon?
Vainly may we importune
The shadows, only these have come down
A century from Teignmouth town.
These only from the dark are won
Because John Keats had a hunger for sun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON WINDOWS

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

EVERY house in this city has a window. What is a window? It is an arrangement of matter which enables ether waves to penetrate it, leaving something behind in their transit. The kind of matter which is thus what we call "transparent" varies for different lengths of wave. If they are very long, or extremely short, they are able to penetrate a great many kinds of matter. And for such waves many unlikely things constitute a window. A wooden partition, a stone wall, even a thin sheet of aluminum, are all able to allow the passage of some waves. But a thick sheet of heavy metal is the most opaque thing known.

Roughly speaking, we may say that every electrical insulator is more or less transparent, and every electrical conductor more or less opaque. The reason for this is not obvious. The fact was suspected by Priestley; but the reason is a discovery of Clerk Maxwell's—a theoretical discovery, discovered by Mathematics, directly he realised the real and essential nature of Light. He found that all ether waves were essentially electric phenomena, and that if they tried to pass through a metal they generated electric currents in that metal, thereby dissipating some of their energy, and were reflected back whence they came. They could not go through it and continue their course on the other side. Or more accurately, the fraction that was able to get through was insignificant, though it depended on the relation between the length of the wave and the conducting power of the material.

All this is true for waves of ordinary size, from the immense waves of wireless telegraphy to the minute ripples which are able to affect the retina, and which are therefore called light. But if the waves are smaller still, smaller even than the atoms of matter, then they can manage to dodge between the atoms, and the substance therefore becomes semi-transparent again, its stopping power depending more on its massiveness, that is, on the weight

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of each atom and on the closeness with which they are packed together. We now know of waves so short that they can more or less get through a surprising amount of obstruction. These are the *gamma* rays emitted by radium; though the *x*-rays generated artificially in the laboratory have also great penetrative power, and are only effectively stopped by screens of some dense heavy material, such as lead, or platinum, or gold; whereas they can penetrate what are ordinarily called opaque materials—the common kind of opacity being that which is opaque to visible light.

The substance least opaque to light is quartz. It is far more transparent than glass, and permits the transmission of the kind of rays or waves which are only perceptible by their effect on a photographic plate; many of such rays being stopped by glass.

Every window pane, however, stops some of the light: and the kind of light which gets through depends on the medium through which it has to come. Only a portion of the energy gets through; the other portion is left behind, and merely warms the glass. This is familiar enough in a glass fire screen. Such a screen, standing in front of the fire, allows us to see the fire through it, because it is fairly transparent to the portions which affect the eye; but the greater part of the energy is stopped, so that the light which we receive is deprived of most of its heating power, and the glass screen itself gets hot. A screen of apparently equally transparent rock salt would let much more energy through. It would not deprive the rays of their heating power. It would not act as a fire screen, and the rock salt would remain quite cool, transmitting the energy and not absorbing it.

This sort of thing is what is called in science "selective absorption." Each material selects from the ether waves those particular ones which it can stop or absorb, and allows only the others to get through. By prismatic analysis, that is by studying the spectrum of the radiation which has penetrated an obstacle, we can determine its selective absorbent power; and we find that the absorption depends very much on the chemical properties of the substance of which the obstacle is made. Some gases have the absorbent power strongly developed, while others allow the radiant energy to get through without loss. Dry air is of this latter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kind. And if the atmosphere were composed only of oxygen and nitrogen, the rays of the sun would be able to penetrate it almost completely, the only portion then stopped being some due to very high rates of vibration in the region of the ultra-violet part of the spectrum; for these are stopped by nearly every material substance.

But inasmuch as the atmosphere contains aqueous vapour, it does not possess excessive transparency, for aqueous vapour absorbs radiant energy even when quite invisible and transparent to the eye; and accordingly the direct rays of the sun are mitigated, and the atmosphere is to some extent warmed by the radiation which passes through it, especially when aqueous vapour is very plentiful. A dry, clear, frosty day is clear because of the paucity of aqueous vapour. It has been found lately, by the present Lord Rayleigh, that in the upper regions of the atmosphere there probably exists a layer of ozone which is peculiarly opaque to certain radiations; it therefore gets warm and acts as a sort of blanket or as a trap to the luminous rays. If this is established as a fact, it must have a most important influence on the temperature and habitability of the earth.

Independent of considerations of warmth, however, we can safely assert that if the atmosphere did not screen off any of the solar rays, life would be intolerable. Neither animal nor vegetable life could tolerate the extreme ultra-violet radiation, which would blister and destroy by the chemical action which it was able to induce. Such radiation does indeed act on the upper regions of the atmosphere, splitting up the molecules,—or what is called "ionising" them,—and these rays thereby give up their energy, producing electric charges of opposite sign, and conferring upon the upper atmosphere electrical properties, which have effects some of them known, and others which are still the subject of study.

When the portion of radiation selected and stopped or left behind in glass, or other semi-transparent material, belongs to that region of the spectrum to which the eye is ordinarily sensitive, we get the phenomenon known as "colour," and the glass is said to be coloured. Suppose for instance that the glass is of such a chemical nature that it absorbs the kind of waves which produce

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the impression of green, when received by the eye and interpreted by the human brain; then the light which comes through will be preponderatingly red, and the glass will be called red glass; not because its properties have any relation to red, but because its properties are related to the light complementary to red, and because it therefore ignores the red; that is to say, it ignores the waves which produce a red sensation, and allows them to pass through unchecked.

On the other hand, if the glass is of such a chemical nature that it absorbs and quenches, and, so to speak, utilises, waves which would produce the sensation of blue, then it is called yellow glass; because that is the light which it ignores, and which therefore is able to get through it, or, if it is at all turbid, to be scattered or deflected from it, in which case it is not so much transparent as translucent. Ordinary clear glass can be made translucent by grinding its surface. A good deal of the light is then deflected or scattered irregularly, while the rest gets through, without selective absorption in the visible part of the spectrum. But if the glass is coloured, whether it be transparent or translucent, it selects and absorbs some, and scatters or transmits the rest.

The important thing is that the transparent material adds nothing to the light. It does not act by addition. It acts by subtraction: and the colour that we see is the residue, the part which is not stopped. That is how all pigments act, and accordingly a green pigment is that which absorbs the red. A blue pigment is that which absorbs the yellow. A yellow pigment is that which absorbs the blue. And if we examine with a prism the light transmitted or reflected from a pigment, we can see by the gaps in the spectrum what it has absorbed; and the part of the light that we receive is the difference, or residue. Consequently if we mix several pigments together we shall add their destructive powers, and get nothing but a brown or blackish mud, the different parts of the light being quenched by the different ingredients which have been mixed together. So, as all water-colour artists know by experience, if you want bright, vivid colours, you must not mix the pigments together, but use them singly wherever you want to produce a luminous effect; though the luminosity is always less, and never more, than that of the light itself. There

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is always some selective absorption essentially necessary for the production of any colour by means of pigment.

Children and people generally would naturally assume that when light went through, say, a red liquid, it picked up colour from the liquid, and had acquired something which it did not previously possess. That is false. It has picked up or acquired nothing. It has left something behind. It is less than white light, not more. If we were to pass a thread or ribbon through the liquid the conditions would be quite different. A white ribbon passed through a red liquid does acquire colour from the liquid. It is dyed. It has absorbed some of the material; and if delicately weighed, after drying, would be found to weigh more than before. The act of dyeing is the addition of colour. Light which has passed through a coloured substance appears dyed, but it is not. And if you pass a beam of light through a succession of different coloured windows there will ultimately be none of it left. They do not add, they subtract. A medium may thus act in two distinct ways. It may act by addition, or it may act by subtraction. A solid rod or thread, passing through it, may select certain portions of its substance, that is to say, of the deposit which it finds there, and pass on sophisticated by addition which it has picked up from the medium. A light beam or succession of ether waves passing through a medium may find that medium obstructive or destructive to a portion of what it seeks to transmit, and the part that gets through is only a fraction of what entered: it is sophisticated by subtraction. Or both these things may occur at once. The original agency may have something added to it and something subtracted from it, so that in the end what emerges is quite different from what entered. And if the medium is turbid, too, the light may be so scattered and dispersed that nothing is recognisable; or, in some cases, so that nothing may emerge at all. The medium ceases to be a medium, and becomes a mere absorbent material, a black body.

All which things are an allegory. And the interpretation is sufficiently indicated by the word "Medium."

OLIVER LODGE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACKWATERS OF BERKSHIRE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

HISTORICALLY, Berkshire as a county saw its best days a thousand years ago, in Alfred's time. The Danes, pillaging the Thames valley from the sea to Oxford, had passed its chalky grandeur by. But one fine red morning they marched westward. All the livelong night the Saxons had waited in their battle-burnies hard by the twisted ashtree of Ashdown. Their spears were cold with the dew of the morning, but their hearts like the East, when the Danes came over the shoulder of the downs with the sun. And the shock of their fury gave the redhaired sea hounds sleep under the treeless turf till Doomsday. From any corner of Berkshire you have only to lift your eyes to see shining the banner of Alfred, the great White Dragon of the West Saxons, carved in the highest chalk of the downs to mind men forever of the glory of Wedmore. Popularly he is the White Horse; but he is the most dragonish of dragons that ever guarded treasure hoards of jewels and flagons and got themselves slain for being the first Northern connoisseurs of *objets d'art* by some yellow-bearded prototype of Saint George. At any rate, there he ramps, his coat scraped anew from century to century by descendants of the men of Ashdown, the great seal of Berkshire's day of glory.

Once more the lonely, lovely county of sheep passes for a moment over the threshold of history. Some century later, in the brief heyday of the Danes, Canute sat throned in Faringdon. But of jovial Canute, whose vainglory God's tides alone could humble, as the old legend runs, there remains less trace than of Alfred. Only a great silver drinking horn inscribed with his name keeps his fame in the shadows of an obscure manor house. For the rest, there is some running to and fro of men of arms in Cromwell's time and before—though all the breaking of church glass is always attributed to Cromwell by the countyfolk, since he is the nearest in time—the rest is oblivion. Squires a little more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thickheaded than in other shires, yeomen leaner by virtue of the scanty loam between bracken and downland, many succeeding hosts of poor shepherds living their little days with the music of their beasts in their ears and sun and rain in their faces and God's simplicity in their hearts, passing on through the centuries as peacefully and unnoticed by the world as the stars that march over the downs. So the tale of Berkshire runs.

In this county the world of steam and electricity seems still far away. The towns would be no more than sleepy villages in America. The only industry is the very ancient one to which Odysseus and the other kings came home from Troy, the trade Abraham followed and the other men who discovered the Great Shepherd who is God out in loneliness under the great Arabian stars; shepherds watch the miracle of green grass passing over into the fleece that keeps men warm. The fame of the Berkshire sheep has gone around the earth from this home of the most picturesque and the oldest of men's callings; for, like New England that produces from hungry, sour soil the tastiest of apples, Berkshire out of thin herbage on dry chalk hills has brought forth the finest wool. It is the miracle of the wellspring in the desert, the mercy called Providence.

Though Berkshire lies in a backwater of history, it has one glory that is ever new. There are the downs, great rolling hills patient as time, eloquent in their bareness, majestic in the silence of wide spaces. Other Southern counties have them, but they have been coming up all the way from the Channel to be at their grandest and loneliest here. Berkshire has no need of the sea which makes the magic of many shires. There is about the sweeping downs the eternity of the sea, the calmness of the sea, and, better than on the sea itself, an isolation and solitude that no sails ever break. Here and there are dark patches, forests cohorted in hollows out of the reach of winds. Hidden away in the downs lie villages you may stumble on for an afternoon of as keen delight as any of the great men of great beards ever had in their seventeenth century when new worlds were making the new cosmographers the busiest of mankind. But chiefly upon the downs there are the eternal shadows of clouds marching over the shoulders of the world, a vast silence, a high sense of the en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

durance of things, serenity akin to the massing clouds, and a wistful spaciousness. High, windy birds and clouds surely achieve their majestic effects as fully here as over wide waters. And that nothing may be lacking, the pathetic bleatings of sheep far away give the monotone of the sound of the sea. Perhaps it is only natural, then, that so many of the many windburnt lads the Berkshire shepherd finds time to rear, when they come to manhood and ways that must turn away from Berkshire of the scanty livelihood, turn to the richer shire of the sea.

Because of its loneliness and aloofness from the small ways of men, the downland has the aura of legend that such places gather, even in the face of sunshine and wind. Over its slopes Druids have wandered for their mistletoe and holly, stuff of black magic; Roman legionaries surely have been here, for there is the monument of their orderly genius in empire building, the trim fosses and rightangled company streets of one of their camps, perched on the crest of the downs; Saxon and Dane shocked here, and brave bones bleach in the chalk. So it is to be expected that over the downs of a night goes Wayland the Blacksmith, half a jest and yet half a belief when winds are out trampling the midnight downs. This mysterious Saxon god lingered after Thor had faded into his own thunder and maniacal Tiu and golden-haired Freya were gone forever from memory. So useful a deity would escape the *Götterdämmerung*, would come by night to befriend fair-haired children of those who loved him once, shoeing their horses for a bit of money left on the moors. Not a god of beauty or music, but one who shoes horses well. . . . So homely the first and the last of the pagan deities of our race. There is a mysterious stone, too, with holes where one can blow an eerie trumpeting. The strangest beliefs about it seem gospel truths when plaintive curlews are weaving runes on twilit skies.

But there is more than legend and loneliness in Berkshire. There are villages that artists would love and philosophers choose to dwell in. They would be the old Greek sort of philosophers, men seeking the unities of the universe in fire or water, in laughter or tears. Such men would find their first principles inside whitewashed walls, under thatch with red wallflowers and mosses. Pythagoras in Berkshire would have chosen window

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

geraniums instead of beans for his philosophic touchstone; Anaxagoras, primroses between flagstones. The people of these villages have gotten the blowing of cottage roses into their souls, floods of Berkshire sunshine and fleeting shadows into their eyes; they are half creatures of earth's symphony, air and water, fire and earth move elementally in them; the winds play upon them and the clouds above their downs. Their villages, each with its little square towered church keeping the old faith among the elms, the kingdoms of the rooks, drowse away the years by sleepy waterways. Little worlds of all lusty loveliness of manhood, all white purity of motherhood, and the blue serenity of childhood, large enough for all joys and sorrows between the cradle and the grave. They lie at the ends of lanes, off the straight highways the Romans built on the ridges of the downs. You must go down to them in their hollows of hawthorn and peace. And going, you leave hurry and distraction; you come under green witchery of contentment; quiet lives lived as men have lived them for a thousand years, in fields hallowed with the bones of their fathers, in houses sweetened by long pageants of children.

There is Tubney. I suppose not twenty tourists in the world know this little place of the odd name. Yet a philosopher lives there. He has old copper teakettles for sale; but he never sells them, for the world does not go by his shop. He does better; he treasures them so, shines and polishes and thinks about them so long that half the wisdom in living they have seen in many homes is his and more than half the comfort and ease they have magically given to sweethearts and grandparents sitting in the firelight. I doubt if he would consider selling a single one; unless it were a question, as it was in my case, of a gift for one's first-born child, born in the June dream of Tubney and needing to take away into the world a talisman for happiness through all the years to come. One could not do better than be born in Tubney; one had deserved the best. And in Tubney of the great elms, each a forest in itself spreading cool pavilions of green and gold, is a man with the laugh of a boy out of school and the beard of Methuselah tangling the grass as he mows. He uses a sickle and an implement for raising the tuft of grass to the stroke such as one sees on Egyptian bas-reliefs. He taught me more than I shall ever learn from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books about the secret of remaining forever young. He ought to turn alchemist and write books about elixirs. I never really realized the greatness of Abraham Lincoln, either, until a shepherd with bluest Berkshire eyes told me between clicks of his shearing shears all the worship he had for that kinsman of Cincinnatus and Cato. I fancy he had read all the books ever written on Lincoln; certainly he knew every homely detail of a life lived three thousand miles away in a land he had never seen. He staggered me with dates and figures of our Civil War. And unerringly he found every wellspring of nobility in Lincoln's character; and, sure enough, each was a wellspring such as time does not know how to change, as one may find in Berkshire, in Latium, and in Illinois. Here in the flesh was a "village Hampden". Across seas and years the Lincolns, the unsung and the sung, had touched hands. In Tubney, too, I saw my first field of poppies. It is as idle to try to describe that as the way the skylark sounds as he circles out of sight. I can only add that it had the whole blue and distant glory of the downs for background and tides of sunlight upon it. I shall always remember the gipsies, too, who had halted their caravan beside it; kindred souls of the passionate vagrants of the fields. The caravan had boxes of geraniums and lace curtains at the windows, a dog with all the wisdom of the roads lying under the steps; and there was a rabbit, strangely like the ones I had seen in the fields all the afternoon, smelling like Esau's pottage as he turned and roasted on the spit. A dark woman tended him and a little boy with eyes like stars in January.

One can multiply the Tubneys. Only each succeeding one has graces and schools of philosophy quite its own. No wonder the Scholar Gipsy made it a point to visit the inns on the lonely Berkshire moors. They are seats of philosophy second only to the groves and market places of ancient Athens. No other shire has such inns, or so many of them. Every village has its church, of course, and perhaps a few cottages, sometimes only one or two; but always there is the inn. At Newbridge there are two, and Newbridge has no cottages at all. It is a fine place, though, and quite in the English character in its name; for, now that London Bridge *has* fallen down, it is the oldest bridge over the Thames. One could do worse than live at Newbridge. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bridge has its halo of history; Cavaliers routed Puritan pikemen upon it. It has beauty; seven lichened arches through which the swallows skim. And it has an inn on either end. The *Rose* offers the browner ale; the *May Bush* the riper wisdom in the mouth of its host. You may pass from strength to strength. A very proper sort of bridge.

Farther down the river Godstowe has no cottages, either, only the ivied ruins of the nunnery where bloomed the Rose of the World for Henry the King,

Rosa mundi, non rosa munda,

and the *Trout*, the jewel of inns. Hither, or so the old host declares who wears the beard of Sir Francis Drake, the nuns from the cloisters nearby, in days when holy faith and mellow brew went hand in hand, used to come for their daily cup. In his seat inside the great fireplace, with its spits large enough for the red deer of long ago and winches for turning them, this man has rubbed elbows with all wisdom. Men are his books. The past is all ruddy flesh for him. In another age he would have written such a book of all wisdom as that of Vincent of Beauvais, starting with sticks and stones and beasts, passing thence to man from Creation to the Last Judgment, setting down all one needs to know to be wholly wise. As it is, he abridges it into an evening's conversation over a fragrant pipe in the firelight. And there is something of the whole sweep of the universe in his talk. He always ends by speaking in awe of the demigod who came into his life once, a Texan undergraduate at Oxford, who spent a vacation at the *Trout*. There was a man out of the golden age; and his locks, to hear his praises sung, must have dripped ambrosia. For he strove with the rustics of the countryside and vanquished them all at both of the very ancient and golden games of quoits and boxing. And he defeated the host himself at skittles, that mediæval game, played on the wooden-paved alley in the *Trout* yard, in which one bowls an impossible egg-shaped ball at inconceivably grotesque wicker pins. That was enough. The host had never been beaten before. So the man from Texas joined the company of Perseus and Castor. The host's cup was full, then; but it overflowed when the American beat the host's wife at draughts. She also had never lost a game

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before. . . . Like Socrates and many another great and wise man, the host has a single fly in this amber we call life. It is his wife. Somehow, years ago, the breeches of the house got shifted. . . . But, after all, it is philosophy only that matters. And perhaps it was for the best, for even a philosopher could not make the strawberry jam the host's wife concocts; whole ripe berries, unbroken and unbruised, poised in a suspended June-time in solid nectar!

There are so many inns and all so different in ale and talk and games that one needs a year to get a nodding acquaintance even. The one at Dry Sandford—to set it off from Sandford of the River, though a lusty stream turns a mill wheel of centuries in this place called dry—is a house of shepherds; tall, lean men, lithe as the dogs that worship always at their feet, brown, and wrinkled like November pippins with all the four winds of the year, with eyes that grow bluer and tenderer with age, very soft of voice but hung with flails for hands and all whipcord and hickory at thigh and shoulder. They speak and laugh like children, when they will, but drink their ale solemnly and know how to sit together in silence by the hour; for they have learned that greatest of the arts among men, the perfect communion of silence among friends. Lonely nights and days on the downs have taught them that. There are no finer or truer blue men walking the hills; or men more full of the sun and the winds of the world. They know best how to make much happiness out of their few possessions in life, wives and children, roses and bacon, sunlight, and ale and faith.

In Berkshire, peerless hunting county by right of open run and springy turf, it would never do to pass by the inns of Faringdon. There are two of them, the *Crown* and the *Lion*. Why there is not the third, the *Unicorn*, to complete the trilogy of actors in the old couplet on the battle of the English royal beasts for the diadem, I cannot say. Surely somebody's oversight. At any rate, there they are, coaching inns of the old kidney, huge, rambling, with an arched entrance through which can pass a coach-and-four, built around courtyards large enough to hold an army of grooms. The rooms are all on different levels, of odd sizes, whimsical, but all have casements opening on the sweep of Berkshire hills. To get

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to your room you must take an old-fashioned candle holder and travel miles, seemingly, while your head is full of the dewy stars the ale has lighted, "upstairs, downstairs, in the lady's chamber", for so tortuous is the way. And old furniture smells of bygone glory. Below stairs, in the great public rooms, whole joints appear at table, even in these lean-kine years since the War, and unbelievable whole salmon to threaten one's soul with the cardinal sin of gluttony. The tankards are also out of another and more heroic time. Oxonians who have "floored their sconces", drained the lesser cups of their colleges at one draught without a tremor, come to grief thereby. It is at these tables that the men in soiled "pink" sit from midnight to cockcrow, after long runs over the Autumn downs behind the hounds; here they compare spills, feast, and make the rafters forget the passing of the years with the immortal *John Peel*,

With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

One would need Homer's gift to catalogue the Berkshire villages and their quiet charms. No one would forgive the omission of Wytham—Wytham under the high greenwood that is so full of the sleepy witchery of cuckoos calling, Wytham where all the cottages wear thatch overgrown with roses white and red, Wytham of the largest and tastiest and heavenliest strawberries in Christendom, Wytham of the children whose hair is red from being so perpetually in the sun. Nor would one dare to pass Hinton Waldrist by. For there is the birthplace of the best roses in the United Kingdom; and there families are known by the pedigrees of their *Irish Elegences* and *Longworth Dawns* rather than their coats-of-arms. Rosebushes are worshipped like ancestors and passed on in families like estates. At Hinton, too, stands a ruined cottage, called Blenheim Palace by the rustic wags, which is said to be haunted. Long ago a man slew his wife in the house, and from that day to this, so a venerable water carrier told me as he rested his pails from his yoke, all the apple trees in the yard have yielded only blood-red fruit. Literary folk will shudder if Fyfield is not mentioned, where Arnold's maidens danced their May Day dances about the great elm. But shudder or not, that May tree is in my own quainter Tubney of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the great trees, and yards outside of Fyfield; and, anyway, it is in its dotage now, fallen away to a stump. Much closer to my heart is Bablock Hythe, not because the poet sings of it, but because I still owe an indignant waterman there a penny for pulling me in his punt hung on a cable across the "stripling Thames". I could have done it for myself, and, in any case, I had no money with me. I have a keener recollection, too, of Marcham. I was allowed by the good people of the manor house there to dig in the ruins of the abbey outpost which they use to store potatoes in; and I unearthed some lovely fragments of old glass and pieces of leads from the panes and the bones of a dinosaur, I think. Though they politely gave me tea and I as politely praised rather doubtful bric-a-brac in the shape of ostrich eggs or elephant tusks, I could not seem to fire them with enthusiasm for my dinosaur. I am afraid he is still pathetically mixed with potatoes. Perhaps dinosaurs are no rarity in Marcham.

Berkshire, more than most shires, keeps green in the memory. It is an humble county of forgotten villages and of men, judged by the graspers of the world, obscure. But it is a place that gets into the heart; it gets into the marrow of one's bones. It remains like a thought that will come under a starry sky of man's unity and loveliness in all his humblest ways and loves, joys and griefs. It is a place one can no more forget than the sea. It is a beauty one has loved.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM BLAKE

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE French Revolution, an event of which the reverberations were destined to dominate the history of two-thirds the inhabited world throughout the nineteenth century, and up to the interval of the Great War in the twentieth, was permitted by one of those ironic dispensations of Providence of which history affords so many examples, to have more intellectual and spiritual effect on France's next-door neighbour than upon France herself. In that country the result of the Revolution was that the bourgeois class took the place of the old aristocracy, and Napoleon, with his purely military genius, replaced the faded glories of the bygone days of Louis the Fourteenth. It was in conservative, reactionary, phlegmatic England, ruled still by the old land holding aristocracy, that the Revolution went immediately to people's heads and produced in literature and the arts generally the effect of a spiritual explosion. Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, as well as Turner and Constable, could not have been what they were had the Revolution not unconsciously inflamed their ardour; and the same is true in a still greater degree of the one man who, though largely unknown to his contemporaries, was the most important precursor of the whole Romantic movement in England, and whom we now see to have been, either as poet or artist, at once more radical and more logical in his revolt than any other.

William Blake was born in the year 1757, the same year in which Swedenborg, the strange Northern mystic and visionary, declared that he had been admitted into Paradise, and had received confirmation that the prophecies of the Last Judgment contained in the Apocalypse had all been fulfilled and that the Dispensation of the Holy Spirit had begun. His father, a respectable hosier, was himself one of the first members of the Church of the New Jerusalem which had come into being as a result of Swedenborg's doctrine, and which had recruited its members largely from dissentient sects. There is a sort of ingrained

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Calvinism perceptible in Blake's writings and character that leads one to suppose that before he became a Swedenborgian his father may have been a Presbyterian. As a young man, he may himself have seen Swedenborg, who had lived in London during his last years, and who died there in 1772. Blake grew up, the second of a family of three sons and one daughter, in any case, in an atmosphere profoundly impregnated with the spirit of Swedenborg's teachings, and, like his great predecessor, he possessed the gift of "vision", with this exception, that according to his own account it was natural to him from his earliest days. He was wont to say that he had "seen God Almighty putting his face to the window" at the age of four, and "a treeful of angels at Peckham Rye" at the age of seven.

Most of Blake's admirers and critics have spent pages in the effort to describe exactly what he meant by this faculty of "vision", without realising that in its essence this faculty is something common not only to him and Swedenborg, but also to every imaginative man upon earth who tries to pierce behind the veil of appearances and to state in some artistic or philosophic form the essence of reality. We may therefore accept Blake's visionary faculty, without supposing that it was anything else than a normal faculty, shared by him with thousands of others known and unknown, who do not exercise it so constantly. He spoke, as Crabb Robinson noted, of his visions in the tone of ordinary speech; mentioned seeing Socrates or Jesus Christ in the same tone that you and I speak of seeing Smith or Jones; and probably with better reason, for Blake may really have seen further into the character of Socrates or Jesus than you or I see into the inmost nature of any of our neighbours.

In any case, we must be prepared to accept the visionary form of Blake's writings if we are to understand him at all. When we have once done so, it becomes apparent that in his case the visionary element was entirely subsidiary to the revolutionary nature of his message. Even as regards the dates of his writings, it is clear that, if the French Revolution had not happened, Blake would have been in all probability merely a minor poet and water colourist, with a turn to eccentricity. Apart from the *Poetical Sketches*, *Tiriel* (the most Ossianic and least interesting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the mythical books)and the fragment of *An Island in the Moon*, he wrote nothing up to 1789, when he was thirty-two years old. But this year, the year of the outbreak in France, produced the *Songs of Innocence* and *Thel.* In 1790 appeared *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, a document of primary and decisive importance in the history of his intellectual development. It is apparent that here Blake was risking everything, and ready to appear before the world as the thoroughgoing preacher of the sacredness of rebellion. The year following he projected a great poem in seven books on the French Revolution; the first book being, as appears from the unique copy preserved, actually set up with a view to publication, but not published. Despite the announcement following the title-page, that "the remaining books are finished and will be printed in order", I cannot believe that Blake actually wrote more of this poem than we possess.

Yet, as in the case of all honest artists, Blake was unable to keep silence, though the public wanted none of his work. In 1793, the year of the Terror, he wrote *America*, to which he prefixed the significant words "A Prophecy", and the same year he wrote in his manuscript notebook this sentence, so poignant in its revealment of deep suffering and despair: "I say I won't live five years, and if I live one, it will be a wonder." And this note takes on added significance when we reflect that it was about four years after this that he sat down to the great task of producing in carefully written MS. the masterpiece by which he hoped to be remembered if he was to pass out of the world, the poem *Vala*.

As it happened, life had other things in store for Blake, like many great men before or since his day; the crisis passed over, and a change of scene and occupation produced in him other fruits. In 1801, he was rescued from poverty and neglect by Hayley, who, thanks to Flaxman's recommendation, constituted himself his patron. It was probably about this time that Blake presented to Mrs. Flaxman, in testimony of her husband's kindness, the illustrations to Gray's poems which have recently been discovered. Hayley, as is known, took Blake and his wife off to the country, where Blake had an interesting if somewhat hectic time for three years, ending up with quarrelling with his patron, and being committed for trial on a trumped-up charge of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sedition brought against him by one Schofield. In later years, he was wont to refer to this period as "his three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean". Yet it was not so much a slumber as an awakening of the poetic fires within which had died down. During this period *Vala* was rehandled, in the light of fresh developments that occurred to Blake, and then became *The Four Zoas, or the Torments of Love and Jealousy in the Death and Judgment of Albion, the Ancient Man*, a title we shall have to refer to later in the course of the necessary discussion and clarifying of Blake's thought. It suffices to say here that the new development of his thought was destined to make his work less personal and autobiographic on one side, and even more complexly allusive and figurative on the other. *Vala* or *The Four Zoas* was never printed, but long fragments and ideas from it were used as the ground-work to the later *Milton* and *Jerusalem*—works both of which bear the title-page date 1804, though *Milton*—which exists in three copies only—was not off the press until 1809, while *Jerusalem*, the single hand-tinted copy actually printed by him, did not appear until 1820.

The later years of Blake are of interest mainly to students of his development as a designer, in which field he has been somewhat better served by his critics than as a poet. Yet he was not altogether silent, though his works have come down to us only in manuscript. The Pickering MS. dates from the period of his residence with Hayley at Felpham, and is fairly accurate and complete. But the poem which well might have been Blake's final masterpiece was never, so far as we know, actually finished. It exists only in rough drafts in the notebook which Rossetti bought for ten shillings, and the second of its sections, partially incomplete, is headed with the title which might well stand as the title of all Blake's literary work: *The Everlasting Gospel.*

In all these works, the fundamental quality of Blake's mind is his uncompromising rebelliousness. He is in revolt against the hypocrisy that parades itself as morality, the injustice that masks itself as law, the make-believe that calls itself religion. His attitude to all of these things is the attitude of the eternal protestant. It was not for nothing that he admired, most of all the English poets, Milton; for Milton too is the eternal protestant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among poets, perhaps the only great protestant poet except Blake himself. It has been said that Milton's Satan is Blake's God; perhaps it would be better to say that Milton's Satan is Blake's Los. For Los—an obvious anagram for the Latin *Sol*, meaning in his peculiar mythical system the light of the human imagination shining backwards upon and consequently reflecting the light of the sky—is the true hero of the Prophetic Books. As regards God, it is almost correct to say that Blake had no God except the God comprehensible to man, the divine spirit of humanity incarnated historically in Jesus, and capable of reincarnation in Everyman.

Nor does Blake's rebellion end here. Having systematically denied God, he must next deny Nature. It is all Satan, all negation. "I assert that for me the natural world does not exist." Undoubtedly this view did not represent Blake's view at the outset of his career. It is only in the later works that it becomes predominant. The early prophetic books are full of pleas for the utmost abandonment to nature. The basis of all Blake's early teaching is to be found in the phrase "Everything that lives is holy." *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* is a plea for free love. *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* have the same theme. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is an attack on conventional morality and piety, brilliantly anticipating Nietzsche in many of its conclusions. Only with the revised *Vala* and in *Jerusalem* and *Milton* does the new view present itself and become important.

And the denial of nature in Blake leads fundamentally to the denial of sexual love. Sexual love became, in Blake's last years, the fall of man. Not that therefore marriage was commendable as an attempt to repair the fall. On the contrary, "He confessed a practical notion, which would do him more injury than any other I have heard from him. He says that from the Bible he has learned that *eine Gemeinschaft der Frauen statt finden sollte*," or, to put this into plain English, that all women should be held in common. Nor is this idea in any way contradictory of Blake's non-denial of the senses. Sin was only error—the fall itself was only error, and all should be forgiven.

But it is in *The Everlasting Gospel* that Blake's mind takes the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

final step of rebellion. When he wrote this poem, he apparently realised that whatever the value of his message, no one of his day would greatly care for it. So he left it a series of fragments. The hero of this poem is not one of Blake's myths, but Jesus Himself; and Blake's problem is here, the same which has tortured so many other modern thinkers. Assuming that Jesus of Nazareth as presented in the Gospels (whether He actually existed historically or not, is of minor importance) is the most perfect type of man possible, then the churches which were established in His Name are not Christian, because they render unto God the things that are Cæsar's and to Cæsar the things that are God's; they enslave the soul, and degrade the body, whereas Jesus aimed at liberating both. Blake therefore asks a series of questions, Was Jesus gentle, was He humble, was He without sin, was He chaste? only to answer each one in the negative. If He was gentle, why did He deny Herod, God's high king, and Caiaphas, God's high priest? If He was humble, why did He attack the Pharisees? Blake even goes further and asserts

> This is the race that Jesus ran;
> Humble to God, haughty to man,
> Cursing the rulers before the people,
> Even to the temple's highest steeple,
> And when He humbled Himself to God
> Then descended the cruel rod.
> "If Thou humblest Thyself, Thou humblest Me;
> Thou also dwell'st in Eternity;
> Thou art a man: God is no more,
> Thy own humanity learn to adore."

This is daring enough, but worse is to follow. Jesus was not only not sinless; He committed every crime in the calendar. As regards Jesus's chastity, the last wonderful section of this poem confronts Jesus and the Magdalen. And Jesus utters these words which are the core of all Blake's thought:

> Good and evil are no more,
> Sinai's trumpets cease to roar!
> Cease, finger of God, to write,
> The heavens are not clean in thy sight.
> Thou art good, and Thou alone,
> Nor may the sinner cast one stone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To be good only is to be
A God or else a Pharisee.
Thou angel of the Presence Divine,
That didst create this body of mine,
Wherefore hast Thou writ these laws
And created Hell's dark jaws?
My presence I will take from Thee:
A cold leper Thou shalt be.
Thou that wast so pure and bright
That Heaven was impure in Thy sight,
Tho' Thy oath turned Heaven pale,
Tho' Thy covenant built Hell's jail,
Tho' Thou didst all to chaos roll,
With the serpent for its soul,
Still the breath Divine does move,
And the breath Divine is love.

That the man who uttered these words declared himself a criminal, asserted that what are considered as crimes upon earth are the glories of heaven, and died singing and shouting for joy, need surprise no one. For the fact of the matter is that William Blake was either a madman or a saint, if we understand thereby that madmen and saints are the only people who succeed in getting the better of human life as the respectable and worthy, and infinitely dull and tedious, majority conceive it. Yes, Blake was a madman to declare that the vision of Christ which he saw was the most bitter enemy of the vision of Christ other people saw. Why did he go out of his way to collect enemies, if it were not to love them? But his madness, like Hamlet's, was not without method (while the sanity of most people is entirely so) as we shall shortly see.

Blake realised that any truths that he might utter were certain to be unpopular truths. The world in which he found himself was a world in which it was thought sinful to give free rein to sexual desire, though God had Himself planted the sexual instinct in man's body; in which it was sinful to love one's neighbour as oneself, for to do so might be covetous; in which it was sinful to be proud of one's own achievement, for pride was the sin whereby the angels fell (as if it were not equally easy to fall, Blake might have retorted, through humility). It was equally sinful in Blake's world—which in all its essentials has not changed to-day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—to give freely to the poor, because to do so might only lead them to become discontented with their lot; or to hate war, tyranny and bloodshed, because the church which had been developed from St. Paul's doctrine had counselled obedience to the State.

For this reason, Blake chose to speak darkly and in parables—finding as usual his justification therefor in the Gospels themselves. He called his chief books in poetry "prophetic", meaning thereby that some future age would be able to decipher their plain meaning from the complex "allegory addressed to the intellectual powers" in which he had chosen to embody it. The basis of this allegory is that man is potentially perfect only when all sides of his nature are in harmony. These four dimensions of the perfect human spirit (for Blake was the first Einsteinian) were reason, emotion, animal life, and imagination. They were called the Zoas, a name obviously derived from the Greek word for "lives". To be able to exercise all four simultaneously was to be Albion, the Fourfold Ancient Man, who lived in Eden at the beginning and was destined to live in Jerusalem (or Paradise) at the end. But between these states of perfect human creation and redemption stretched for Blake, as for Jesus Christ, the story of the Fall. This according to Blake had come about through the exaggeration of one side of human nature at the expense of others. Luvah (derived from the Hebrew word meaning "heart"), the human emotion, had seized the chariot (power) of Urizen (from the Greek οὐρίζειν, meaning to limit, cramp, bound, imprison) the human reason, and as a result everything had fallen into disorder. The reason (Urizen) had become cold, heartless, selfish; emotion (Luvah) had then been thrown into the furnace of sex by his female counterpart, Vala—which I take to be an anagram of the Latin *Lava*, the spirit of animal life; Tharmas (an anagram of the Greek ἆσθμα, the "breath") had nothing to do but mourn; and Urthona, the all-transforming imagination (perhaps derived from the New Testament spelling ἄνθρουπος, "man") became bound to a female, Enitharmon (from ἐνἄρίθμον, "reckoned, counted, numbered"), or in other words became mortal. As a mortal, he took on the form of Los, of which I have spoken above. Los was identified with Blake himself, the imaginative artist par excellence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The mythological system briefly sketched above is fairly clear and consistent, and does not require for its understanding the very elaborate and misplaced ingenuity of Blake's most celebrated editors, Messrs. Ellis and Yeats. Unfortunately, however, Blake himself gave these editors every temptation to hazardous conjecture through the number of subsidiary figures he has brought into his myth, and the confusion in which—perhaps due to lack of education or pressure of other work, or too direct dependence of inspiration unchecked by reasoning—he saw fit to leave his *Outline of History*. The early prophetic books are admittedly fragmentary, and make few attempts to explain the elaborate symbolism which was always latent in his mind. Believing as he did, that art consists in minute particulars and not in generalized form (a belief which is only a half-truth at best), he strove to give his system significance by creating a whole pantheon of subsidiary figures: Thel, Theotomon, Rintrah, Bromion, etc., etc. According to my friend, Mr. Edward O'Brien, to whom I am indebted for valuable suggestions, all those names are readily derivable as anagrams from Greek, Latin, or Hebrew. Blake may have possessed a polyglot New Testament and obtained them from its pages. But the difficulty with the earlier prophetic books is that they represent various independent sides of a complex reality that slowly developed in Blake's mind. *Vala* or *The Four Zoas*, the lack of a definitive and final edition of which is an outstanding disgrace to scholarship, is an attempt to give the cardinal myth in some final form, but it was never entirely completed. *Milton* and *Jerusalem* are only new elaborations, carried out with such bewildering multiplicity of detail that the mind is bewildered and lost. In *Jerusalem*, for example, we are given a complete symbolic geography of England, in which each town, according to whether it is in the north, east, south or west, is ruled over by some "emenation", or descendant of the Four Zoas. Here ingenuity triumphs over inspiration; and we are left in the position of a man having a bunch of some hundreds of keys in his hands and being required to know which lock each one fits at any given instant. Blake's mythological and symbolic system is in reality the greatest bar to the understanding of his fundamental thought, which was magnificently simple and re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quired no such elaboration. For all his mythological heroes (and especially Los) are, in a sense, Blake himself or Everyman; just as all his female characters are phases of the eternal female he discovered in his wife. Had he not in the comparatively simple *Everlasting Gospel*, and the still later *Ghost of Abel*, made return to a more reasonable mode of stating his message, there would be some excuse for those who consider him eccentric, or even insane. *Jerusalem*, for example, is one of the most obscure poems ever written, though it becomes clearer if it is read after reading all the preliminary prophetic books in order; and it becomes still clearer with every successive re-reading, though in it from beginning to end Blake's mind moves through chaos.

Another and a more serious defect in Blake's system arises from his denial of nature above mentioned. Being, as he was, a man of highly strung imagination, and believing as he did that "it is better to believe vision with all our might and strength, though we are fallen and lost", he made the profound mistake of supposing that nature provides no help to the visionary imagination. "I assert that for me the natural world does not exist"—this remark of his later years reveals exactly where Blake went wrong. He committed precisely the error of early mediæval and monastic Christianity, which, seeing too clearly the miseries of this world, attempted to substitute for human life a period of trial, leading to a better world. But he did not see the paradox which modern science, no less than the Apostle's Creed, teaches us; that in whatever world we are, we cannot exist without matter in some form, without limitation and embodiment. Whitman and Patmore, each in his own way, saw the flesh and spirit, as one, not as apart; and their attempt to transcend life leads to life ever more rich and abundant; whereas Blake's way, the way of the imagination unaided and unbounded by reality, leads, as he himself admitted, only to eternal annihilation of all selfhood.

Yet we can forgive Blake even this final heresy, because we know dimly what he suffered. He was born a full century, at least, before his time. The political revolutionaries whose energies he admired—"energy is eternal delight" is one of his finest sayings—were one and all materialists, without imagination, without God. And the religious people of his day were one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and all living in a state of reactionary negation, worshipping either the "selfish, cold" Urizen as God, or bowing before the Cross and Tomb instead of looking for the living risen Christ among mankind. The naïve egotism of his various addresses and manifestoes to the public are one index to the state of his mind; another and not less clear is the profoundly unforgettable note that he was to leave behind in his papers: "Tuesday, Jan. 20,1807, between two and seven in the evening, despair." When that note was made, Blake was nearly fifty years old.

That he triumphed over his despair we not only have the fragments of the *Everlasting Gospel* as well as the Dante and Job series of illustrations to remind us, but also we have the public interest in his work to account for, which, though Blake has not yet been a hundred years in his unmarked grave in London, is continually busy with new editions of his work, or new studies of its author. That interest is, I suggest, not merely motivated by curiosity in an extraordinary man. We have arrived at a time in the world's history when scientific theory and religious faith have begun, not to oppose, but to give support to one another; though many of our scientists and religious leaders fail to observe the fact. We have therefore come to the junction of art (which reposes in faith) and science (which reposes in knowledge). The synthesis of these two contrasting ideas, the artistic and the scientific, might produce a great poem. But to put a poem of that sort into concrete form needs not only experiment with all kinds of new utterance, but a personality strong enough to see the abstract concretely, and to write it in the form of "allegory addressed to the intellectual powers". We must therefore re-adopt Homer's prerogative, and recreate a mythology. Hitherto Blake's attempt has been the sole one in the field. And his triumph in it might have been even greater had he been given a lifetime to devote solely to poetical work.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HATRED

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

CIVILIZED society has not yet abolished any of the vices, perhaps because it would be dull without them; but it does its best to eliminate passions, and in one case has virtually succeeded. Hatred as a passion, as something which takes and shakes a man, has no longer any real existence for the spheres of our life in which urbanity is the rule. In such regions to avow your love is rather like undressing in public, but nobody is shy of proclaiming a hate, because what passes with them for hate is not the crude stuff. Love always retains some of the primitive, all conquering sway that Sophocles wrote about in another highly civilized society two thousand five hundred years ago; and even today no drawing-room is without apprehension that the creature may break loose. It is not altogether a disagreeable apprehension: the discouragement of love is never whole hearted; everybody, someone said, loves a lover, and at any rate every decent person does. But hate with its acrid atmosphere carries discomfort into sensitive circles; its sudden explosion affects people like a bad smell, and so manners, much more powerful than morals, have brought it very tolerably under control. The task has been easier because hate is not a necessity of nature; breeding earth has no use for it; and it runs counter to that instinct of association which is part of man's gregarious temperament. Thus it lacks the physical basis on which love is founded, whether between man and woman or child and parent, and which spreads out till it colours even the clannish bond with something of kinship. Yet one dare not deny hate's antiquity; it springs where love does, it dogs love like a shadow; jealousy is its first and fiercest form, growing as rank among kindred as among lovers. Cain was jealous. But, as society is well aware, Cain lived and killed a long time ago; the world has grown wider, kinsmen who hate can easily avoid each other, and under social pressure they do so, instead of troubling company with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manifestations of their rancour. Further, this concession to urbanity starves hate, deprives it of its natural food; for, as the Irish song says, I love my love for his way of walking, I love my love for his way of talking, and the same is true of hatred. As love fastens on whatever is individual and charming in bodily gesture, so you hate a man for his way of clearing his throat, or some other annoying and ugly trick he has. But in truth, when his whole being is an offence to you, every action of his is a new grievance and the nearer you live to him the more you loathe. From the town, where we have no fellowship with our neighbours, hatred, properly so called, has been almost banished; but it thrives profusely in Bœotia, which borders upon Arcady. In a dull countryside you will not find man or woman readily owning up to a hatred, and still less will they parade the emotion. Hate prefers to be disguised when it is the true passion and hopes for its effect; indeed, sooner than be avowed, it will hide like the ostrich. Only in a society which does not fear this Bœotian obsession could Dr. Johnson's phrase be applauded. For, as everybody knows, when the doctor said he loved a good hater, that was part of his humour. No one was ever less likely to approve the person who would willingly inflict harm on another to gratify his own passion—and that is what hate means. Johnson might hate a Whig, or an atheist, or an ungrammatical writer, but if you had produced before his eyes a suffering human, all thought of Whig, atheist, or scribbler would have vanished. Intellectual aversions and repugnances of taste do no great harm. But I have known a prominent man who became possessed of the power to ruin a very insignificant political opponent. It was pleaded that the victim had wife and children. "Isn't the workhouse good enough for them?" was the reply. That, now, was a good hater; but would Johnson have loved him?

The truth is that Johnson was a typical Englishman, and the English are of all peoples the least prone to hatred. Whether they have succeeded by their good nature, or are good natured because they have succeeded, may be argued; but the fact is that they have felt for a very long time no continued need of hate. For whether hate be natural or no, man has always found hate proper to be cultivated for his extra-natural purposes, in politics

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and theology. Without these departments of activity, hating might be a lost art in civilized manhood, gone like the power to track game or light a fire by rubbing two sticks; but through them it has been always and probably always will be maintained and held in honour.

I need not dwell on theology further than to recognize that Christianity has always attempted to inculcate hate for the sin and love for the sinner. But Christianity, especially in practice, keeps a strong Judaic tinge, and the Hebrew mind for all its subtlety never essayed this distinction which should rank among counsels of perfection. In politics we are on clearer ground. Nobody there affects to behave like a Christian; indeed, we are all aware how necessary it is to be on guard against amiable weaknesses, the seductions of decent feeling. "I never can hate a man properly after I've met him," said one of the most human and also the most effective Irish politicians to me, giving his reason for avoiding intercourse with his opponents. He was joking, yet only half joking; he knew his own dreadful liability to like and to be liked: he knew that the House of Commons tends to deaden by personal contact the intensity of party passions and to blunt the sharp outline of party beliefs. In that institution you inevitably become aware that the other side are not monsters of iniquity and that their opinion has something to be said for it. Is this a merit or a defect? Merit, no doubt, if your purpose belongs to the ordinary political processes of a well established state; but defect, if you mean revolution. Ireland tended more and more to believe that Irish politicians who went to Westminster lost something; and it was true. Except in rare and specially gifted individuals, hatred was sapped: and it would be foolish to deny that hatred is a driving force. No revolutionary movement has been able to dispense with it: the weaker the insurgent force, and the more strongly established the power which it seeks to overthrow, the greater will be the need of this stimulus. Very little hatred seems to have entered into either of the two English revolutions, which were made by a body of the people conscious of their strength, and exempt from the touch of hysteria which attends on desperate enterprises. Where there is no fear there is not much hate. Napoleon fright-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ened England into a hysterical passion for a while, and at the beginning of the last war the English, before they were certain of their resources, sought the aid of this dope—as also did Germany; though Germany's hysterical passion came perhaps less from fear than from the sudden jolt of an ugly surprise, upsetting the moral balance. Probably most Englishmen would agree now that England presented something of the same phenomena when matters went unexpectedly wrong in the South African War. But as the great European struggle developed, the Great Powers realized that their strength lay elsewhere, and the hymn of hate was little sung either in Germany, France or Britain. It has been otherwise with those movements and those peoples that felt themselves overmatched. In Russia, who doubts that hatred was necessary to keep up the fight against autocracy? But let me speak of what I know. Neither O'Connell nor Parnell, I think, regarded the Irish movement as revolutionary in its essence, and certainly Redmond did not; but a large proportion of the English people by so regarding it made it so. Ireland in a long wrestle was galvanized again and again to a sort of demoniac fury by preachers of hate, until finally we bit and kicked and tore ourselves loose. When Redmond, who tried to dispense with hatred, had failed, other people by their success proved once more hate's efficacy as a motor engine.

But the drug habit is as dangerous in morals as in medicine, and every revolutionary party is a forcing ground of private hates. It would be a fortunate conspiracy indeed in which conspirators reserved their fiercest loathing for the power or person against which they conspired. I never saw an Irishman shaken as with epilepsy and foaming at the mouth in a denunciation of English rule; these manifestations arose from a difference between old colleagues. When revolution has succeeded, we know in Ireland, as probably they know in Poland, in Slovakia, in Russia and a score of other countries, what is the cost of a victorious hate. If the victory is a just one, if the revolution has been really due, the last and worst of injustices is that the victors come out demoralized by their victory. Where hatred has had free play, human nature is left like the soil of an old battle line, upheaved, blasted and poisoned, the underworld brought on top,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a surface which kindly growths abhor; and the rankest weeds take swift and spreading possession. What grows when hatred has been let loose is revenge, and private vendetta springing out of public feud is at once as natural and as unnatural as the horrible vegetation that covers old mine craters in front of Vermelles.

We in Ireland were always disposed to despise English political life for its seeming lack of sincerity and its real lack of fierce passion. There was no doubt an almost indecent discrepancy between the denunciations of public aversion and the private relations of good fellowship among British politicians. Yet on the whole the House of Commons was the most civilizing influence I have known, because hatred throve so ill there; and its most successful gladiator, who was also the most publicly hated man in his day, had the least capacity of all politicians for personal hate and the most power to undermine it. Mr. Lloyd George, I think, hated no one; and Mr. Balfour at one time fell from leadership, it seemed to me, because he could not hate Mr. Lloyd George; his intelligence was too accessible to seduction. Stupid men are the best haters, because hatred is most solidly based upon misunderstanding. Party politics, in the interest of the public gladiatorial hate, inculcate deliberate concentration on points of difference, and avoidance of the possible spheres of agreement. The suppler, more adventurous, intellect is more easily beguiled on to the forbidden ground, and once understanding begins sympathy is apt to follow.

Yet hatred, whether public or private, has vision; it possesses peculiar penetration into the vices of its antagonists; it has a terrible eye for rottenness. The Irishman, brought up to a long transmitted feud, has a grim comprehension of England; he can see and foresee all the shortcomings which beset the British temperament. But he will very seldom understand where an Englishman can be trusted to go right, and consequently will never get the best out of him. All fruitful coöperation is based on the expectation of good—expectation of evil is sterile, and that makes hate a barren passion. It is never an inspiration, never a creator of art, or of beauty in any shape; but it does desperately increase concentration. Benevolence is never focussed on one point like malevolence; it has too darting an activity; hatred

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a fish that haunts slow stagnant waters. It can hunt in packs, too; I have heard a description of a sick salmon being devoured alive by eels. Parnell's last months were like that.

The French are too quick, too brief, really to be haters, in spite of some awful studies in Balzac, whose Cousin Bette is malignant, persistent, triumphant stupidity incarnate. But as a people the Germans will always outhate them. Few things are more characteristic of Germany, and less characteristic of England, than the dull old Hanoverian hate; hatred of father for son, son for father—but especially of father for son. In the minds of the early Georges there were no gusts of intellectual curiosity or wandering adventure to divert the mind from what it chewed upon. Agility is not a virtue but it is a very useful habit; and it should be possible to invent a moral equivalent for physical drill to prevent the growth of morose brooding. Probably the religious orders have planned one; but still Browning's soliloquy of the Spanish cloister is a dreadfully credible study of hate in idleness. That monk had never been hurried. And I have known a man kindly, humourous, a thinker, and by his profession specially a Christian, yet become cankered, sour and unwholesome because a hate took hold of him. He had suffered injustice, and yet worse men have often borne worse hardships better: but in his lethargic body and slow ruminating mind the evil seed got too long a chance to establish itself, struck deep, and overspread all. But his passion was ineffectual—it harmed no one but himself. Hatred may further a vicious man's purposes; it is of no use to a gentleman and can only spoil him as my friend was spoilt. Mr. Galsworthy in one of his finest works, *The Man of Property*, shows the process by which a dull creature destroys a clever one. Bosinney has no more chance against Soames Forsyte than the fly against the spider. The Man of Property wins not only because all the material odds are on his side, but also because he has the more concentrated emotion. The hate of those who want something against those who have it is never so intense as that of those who have property against those who want it. The Tory hates the Radical better than the Radical hates the Tory, because hatred against those who, as you conceive, withhold from your abstract rights is very much less vivid than the possessors' hate of those who would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deprive him of his concrete possessions, things or privileges which use has made familiar — which are part of him. Property in the defensive is like the bear with her whelps. But, for Soames Forsyte, the issue is complicated because the challenged and invaded property is a woman, his wife, and according to tradition his hatred should be all the fiercer. Yet, and Mr. Galsworthy sees this, he cannot enjoy his triumph because he is too civilized and particularly too civilized in an English way. His hatred's victory is Pyrrhic because he has been bred to the traditions of a gentleman. Decidedly the English are bad haters.

I feel my view borne out by Mr. Conrad, who knows the passions better perhaps than any writer living, and knows them, also, with the most cosmopolitan mind that literature ever brought to its task of creation. The most poignant study of hate that I recall in his work, comes in *Victory*. There the triumphant hater is a very despicable German, whose hatred does not seek a direct physical fulfilment through bloodletting — which is the Latin fashion—but achieves its end by a series of manœuvres. The novel characteristically does not tell us what became of this successful hater, pitted against a man having honour, strength and courage, yet so over-civilized as to be incapable not merely of revenge but of self defence. There is a danger in refining away hatred, for it is one of the mainsprings of action. Victory goes to the uneducated girl, whose love renders her more resourceful than any of the haters.

Shakespeare, who drew cruelty so often and with such varying skill, is in no way more English than in his lack of concern with this tremendous passion. Capulets and Montagues are merely cat and dog to each other, and there is really not much more subtlety in the portrayal of Shylock's feeling against Antonio. In all the plays Iago is the only real hater; he can twist every virtue of the Moor into a vice. He is hate, as Othello is jealousy. Yet his master passion is not studied with the same intensity as the Moor's. We find Iago's hate full grown; we watch its workings; but we see the birth of jealousy in Othello and its death also. I do not recall anywhere in Shakespeare the growth of a hatred sketched even as the growth of Desdemona's love is sketched by retrospect in Othello's speech to the judge. Caliban again is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hate, hate at its most brutish; there is no nobleness entangled with this slime. Shakespeare was not at all of Dr. Johnson's opinion. He was too near nature, too little over-civilized, to speak pleasantly of good haters. Yet perhaps Mercutio is one, in Johnson's meaning: I could imagine the huge dictionary maker having a lusty detestation for a puppy "that fights by the book of arithmetic." But in Mercutio there is none of the black, corroding venom, which may be shameless and self-avowed, as in Iago or in Caliban, yet which may also filter itself disguised into a chalice consecrated to worship or to patriotism. Considering the range of Shakespeare's scrutiny, it is notable that his imagination should have worked so little on this common and terrible corruption, and I think the true reason is that he was so English.

I think also that the English have succeeded because they have been comparatively so free from this obsession. A man hag-ridden by hate is in a poor way to prosper. If you spend your life taking thought how to do some man, or some nation, an ill turn, your mind, vaulted in by its preoccupation, will miss sight of those occasions when a friendly and profitable bargain may be struck, or even some good turn done that in all probability will beget another.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY THE WORLD GRINS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

To the older generation, few things are more puzzling than the new vogue for the perpetual grin. In actual life it is not unreasonably disturbing. Friends at home are not forever smiling in each other's faces; in public, people, if nobody is looking, have intervals when their mouths are in repose. But this reticence makes it more difficult to understand why in photographs, in pictorial supplements, in advertisements, men, women and children now appear to meet every event, every emergency, every minute of the day, with a grin.

Not so many years since a sterner breed of Americans would have frowned upon the fashion as a sign of levity, and probably would have thought the pillory or stocks not an unfitting fate for the offender. In lands and centuries where laughter was held in higher repute than by our Puritan ancestors, it was kept within limits of time and place. The Greek had his tragic as well as his comic mask, and the conventionalized smile was with him the symbol of a passing mood rather than the record of an expression habitual to rational human beings. For long painters made laughter on canvas the special privilege of satyrs and bacchantes, revellers and Pierrots, and a smile as faint even as the Mona Lisa's was so rare in serious portraiture that volumes have been written to explain it. Grinning matches were once popular in England, but only at country fairs and for a prize. Now, the tragic mask is banished to the storeroom of ancient modes and manners, Mona Lisa would be smiling with the crowd, and prizes are not needed to draw everybody into the universal grinning match.

All the world laughs all the time, as if at the photographer's classic command: "Keep smiling!" until tears would be a welcome innovation. It is like a horrible contagion spreading from country to country, worse than the dancing craze that scourged medi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

æval Europe. All nations, all classes, all ages, however violently they disagree otherwise, agree in their willingness to fling dignity to the winds and to grin for the camera. Royalty, though, or perhaps because, fallen on evil days, grins with the proletariat, nor can exile discourage it. The clergy have borrowed the trick and mastered it so well that grey-haired prelates may be seen stretching their mouths from ear to ear as they wave a farewell from the deck of an ocean liner. Statesmen must conform and an unfortunate President smiles until the muscles of one's mouth ache in sympathy, and a legislator as venerable as Lord Balfour exchanges the seriousness of youth for unceasing elderly mirth. People cannot start on a journey or arrive at the end of it, cannot expose their nakedness on the sands of Palm Beach or Coney Island, cannot get married, cannot assist in any ceremony, cannot perform any duty, without showing their teeth and rivalling the Cheshire cat's abandonment. Actors, prize fighters, Congressmen, football players, novelists, painters, travelers, clergymen, film favourites, society leaders, nobodies—all are alike in their appreciation of an apparently inexhaustible joke. And the same outward expression has become the beginning and the end of the abomination of advertising. Chewing gum, liniment, union suits, pancakes, cocoa, shoe polish, shaving soap, pepsin, hair tonic, patent heels, chocolate, cereals, all the things we wear, all the things we eat, all the noxious things we drink in our dryness, all the things that come into our houses, all the things that beguile us out of them—all and everything must be approved with a grin. Some may call for a broader grin than others. It would take a wiser woman than I to say why bread should open the mouth until a fraction of an inch more and it would split, why coffee should call for a mere society smile, while collars demand unmitigated gloom. But collars are the rare exception. For most things, advertisements without some sort of a grin would miss their appeal and lose their punch. Posters by the wayside, in the subway, on the housetop, would have us believe that the whole population of our country gets out of bed grinning, spends the day grinning, goes to bed grinning. It seems almost impossible for the camera or the poster man to catch anybody who is not grinning. And the few who,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like myself, are so behind the times as to feel no particular desire to join in the grinning, cannot read their papers and magazines, cannot take their walks or drives abroad, without being rebuked for their old-fashioned solemnity by the standardized spectacle of the standardized grin of the age.

To share in the grin is probably not to ask why but to accept it as no less a matter of course than each day's rising and going down of the sun. Not to share in it, however, is to wonder if with years one has dropped out of the race, or if the fault lies in one's own deficient sense of humour. Surely, if all the world is grinning, it must be for some reason, good or bad, and it is not mere idle curiosity to try to find out what this reason is. There was a philosopher who laughed—who believed laughter better than sorrow—as well as a philosopher who wept. Tell me what a man laughs at, the moralist has said, and I will tell you what that man is. To discover the secret of the present universal grin might therefore help one to understand one's fellow mortals and, incidentally, lighten the gloom for those who are more inclined to tears. Certainly, when I consider dispassionately conditions, either at home or abroad, I get no glimpse anywhere of comedy or farce. Europe on the verge of financial bankruptcy and moral collapse, threatened with a period of darkness by comparison with which the Ages we call Dark were Light itself—Europe in the throes of tragedy does not strike me exactly as a joke. Having no clue to the fun of it, I turn from France to England, from Germany to Austria, from Russia to the new Balkan shuffle, from Italy to Belgium, hunting for comedy in vain, unless the spectacle of Europe in ruins is comic, and jazz, the music for a new rollicking Dance of Death. The East, Near or Far, does not provide me with amusement on a less niggardly scale, and I am so dull as to think that none save the cynic or the madman in his cell could smile over the triumph of the Unspeakable Turk whose final banishment from Europe was to be the supreme achievement of the war. I could not honestly say that mirth is the harvest to be reaped in Soviet-pursued India, in Japan armed to the teeth, in China, forced to barter the ancient civilization that belongs to it for Western complications and turmoil and uplifting little to its taste.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In my own country the prospect to me is not particularly side-splitting, unless one can laugh at the spectacle of America complacently prepared to cure all the ills the rest of the world is heir to and unable to cure any of her own—America spending her thought, ingenuity and power in dashing the wine cup, or rather the "rum" cup, from our thirsty lips. Indeed, I sometimes think the American should go clothed in sackcloth and ashes, rather than the ready-mades of the Department Store, to so pitiful a plight has America been brought by undesirable aliens and politicians and dry laws and cranks and uplifters and tyrannical minorities and cowardly majorities and timid legislation and spread of corruption through nursery government. Is it really a matter of mirth that the fine old American tradition is being rapidly forgotten, that the much boasted-of American liberty is being hedged about by petty restrictions, that the American future is being handed over to the riff-raff of Europe now crowding out the real American? I would like nothing better than to share in the laughter; I would go far to meet gaiety. But the more I reflect upon the puzzle, the more convinced I am that the cause for the universal grin cannot be discovered in the world itself, and that people who could think it was would be well qualified for Blackwell's Island or The Tombs.

Of course, an alternative is that people laugh just because they know things are desperate—just because theirs is the wisdom in which is much grief, and if they did not laugh, they could but weep. Their Rome burns, set on fire by their own folly, ignorance and inefficiency, and they out with their fiddles in emulation of Nero. But then Nero, who was not grieving at all, knew that his Rome was burning, and I question whether the multitude who grin today have as much as a suspicion that anything is wrong with their Rome, that it is on the verge of a worse abyss than Nero's. Not even charity, well blindfolded, could detect a trace of thought or reflection, a hint of the slightest desire to think, in the half-naked mayors and millionaires, brides and bankers, grinning by the sea, or the fur-wrapped actors and flower-laden movie stars grinning as the steamer leaves the dock, or the grey-haired man beaming over his bottle of liniment, or the blonde beauty capturing ecstasy in her chewing gum. And yet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

travelers and bathers as a rule are chosen from among our richest, or most distinguished, or most notorious citizens—the liniment man and the chewing-gum blonde are types selected as the best qualified to lure our eyes and open our purses.

The man who laughs in his sorrow is a philosopher, but his is the philosophy of laughter which is born of observation and knowledge, and neither one nor the other is required by the things which absorb the attention of most people today. If the great educated public observes and knows anything going on around it except business, sports, and so-called amusements, it is uncommonly careful to keep the fact to itself. I cannot look anywhere at our great educated public opening its morning or evening paper without my heart going out in sympathy to the editor, whose most brain-racking daily problem must be to dispose of the daily news as unobtrusively as he knows how, unless a "story" can be made out of it. It is to the sports page the great educated public instinctively turns, unless an unusually sensational murder or rape, burglary or raid on "rum", fills the first. Only when the news is sensational is it paying policy to give it precedence. Nor has the political sensation long drawn out a chance. Take recent examples. The Turks when they first went to Lausanne, and the French into the Ruhr, filled the most conspicuous columns, but they retired to a back seat, or page, as soon as likelihood dwindled of immediate war or disaster. Even the convenient discovery by the propagandist of a switch under the Poilu's coat could not whip the French occupation of the Ruhr into its original prominence again. And yet the intelligent believed and still believe that the future of Europe hangs as by a thread on what comes eventually of the Turks at Lausanne and the French in the Ruhr.

To the great educated public, news without a "kick" in it is no news at all, and the newspapers must supply the "kick" or risk the bankruptcy court. That, no matter what happens, sports unaided can supply the "kick", I have never doubted since the day the news of Antwerp's fall came to London and the posters of the newsboys I met in the streets announced only the far more important "Tsarevitch Results"; or since that other day in the spring of 1918 when I found half a dozen people before a Phila-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

delphia newspaper office reading the bulletin from the retreating Allies while, across the street, hundreds hung breathless on the football bulletin supplied by an enterprising tradesman. Defeat, humiliation, ruin, are insignificant details compared to the finals from the football field or the racing track, to the thrill of the bet won or lost. If war cannot compete with sports, what chance is there for peaceful politics,—unless "rum" is involved,—economics, or international problems? Besides, the papers deal with other matters of more immediate and pressing interest. The latest adventures of Mutt and Jeff, of Percy and Ferdie, of Father, of Pops, require the attention of the great educated public before it is free to trouble about any adventures for which Washington or Westminster, the Quai D'Orsay or the Wilhelmstrasse, is responsible. How true this is nobody can question who has watched, as I have, the great educated public reading its paper in hotels and restaurants, in trolleys and trains, in subway and elevated. Always it is to the page, if not of sports, then of comics, that its eyes are glued.

Nor is the newspaper the only straw to show which way the wind blows. Our self-appointed leaders shun as assiduously as the great educated public anything approaching observation or knowledge of fact. There is no vanity and vexation of spirit for the new prophet who looks at his world not as it is, but as he is cocksure it is going to be made in double-quick time by a fast approaching, spiritually ennobling Renaissance such as no man has ever seen. Economists and social scientists and social meddlers can dismiss anxiety as lightly, for, deaf to alarm signals, they hear only their own loud talk of business booming, prohibition breeding virtue, crime disappearing, criminals emulating the prodigal son in repentance, religion resuming its sway. Not disaster but the millennium is at hand for the earnest women who yearn over the Bolshevist as a new savior of mankind, for the idealists whose faith is firm in the miracle-working power of the League of Nations or the World Court, for the visionaries whose eyesight is so distorted that they see England and America in staunch fellowship shouldering the burdens of the universe. When the professional preacher preaches that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, scepticism is not for the flock,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and in vain does the occasional Jeremiah lift up his voice to call upon all who pass by to stop and see in what a Fool's Paradise they are living. Eat, drink, and be merry, was of old the philosophy of men who remembered that tomorrow and death follow close on the heels of today. The new philosophy is for men to eat, drink when a bootlegger is handy, and grin, and forget even the possibility of a tomorrow with catastrophe in its train. Most work nowadays is kind enough to dispense with thought, and the habit of not thinking encouraged in working hours is not easily broken in playtime. The new generation cannot be accused of trying to escape thought, since it has not got so far as to think thought a nuisance. Our forefathers indulged in thought and were rewarded by a tiresome consciousness of the duties and responsibilities of life. But a fancy for so useless an indulgence has been outgrown and, by not thinking, men are now privileged to take life as one prolonged jest. No other conclusion can be reached by the puzzled and persevering student of a grinning generation.

For, if the further the student pursues his researches the less possible it is for him to find either anything funny in life as lived today, or any trace of revolt against life's abundance of sorrow, what other explanation remains for the fashionable grin except sheer vacancy of mind in the people who have adopted the fashion or endure it? They do not protest because they do not think about it, are not conscious of it, and this makes its popularity the more disheartening for the unfashionable remnant to whom it is an offense. Absence of thought is becoming, if it has not become the crowning glory of the civilization of which our pride is to boast. It is a curious and melancholy fact that the result of the thinking of the small minority who continue to think is to help the large majority to do without thinking. Modern methods of education are pointed to as one of the chief signs of modern progress. But if they have disposed of the pale, anæmic, round-shouldered scholar supposed to be the result of cultivating the mind at the expense of the body, by cultivating the body at the expense of the mind, they have turned out in his place the "flannelled fool" to whom the brain will presently become as superfluous an organ as surgical fashion has made our appendix

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and our tonsils. Science has advanced further in the last hundred years than in all the preceding centuries, solely, I am sometimes inclined to believe, that the mental inertia of the educated may be complete. The most amazing inventions are putting the final touches to the general demoralization. For what did Daguerre and Muybridge toil save to send the mentally indolent generation of today to the Nirvana of the movies? For what did Franklin fly his kite and Morse forsake his art save that radio might do away with the least little need of thought the movies have spared? Already, librarians will tell you, radio is emptying the libraries; already, clergymen lament, it is emptying the churches. When amusement or edification is to be had by pushing a button or pulling a string, or clapping something on one's ears, when our education can be entrusted to our subconscious self under the charge of radio, why then every inducement for mental and physical effort flies from a lotus-eating world.

I know that vacancy of mind as the first step to spiritual bliss has long been preached and practised by mystics of many lands and many creeds. To what other end does the Dervish dance, the Yogi sit staring at his middle, the saint scourge and mortify his flesh, the neo-Rosicrucian in motionless discomfort chant his endless refrain? But when, day by day, I look at the faces of the people opposite me in subway or elevated, their gum-chewing jaws moving in cow-like content, I cannot imagine that they have set up spiritual bliss as their goal, if indeed they ever knew there was such a goal to aim for. Nor do I detect any suggestion of spiritual aspiration in the faces of those other people who grin so scrupulously for the camera. Indeed, sometimes I begin to fear that with the modern civilized man vacancy of mind is on the point of reaching its triumphant culmination, with neither any conscious intention on his part, nor any ultimate object. This is why I cannot see in the popular grinning photographs and posters anything but a symbol of mental deterioration and decay; why I groan in spirit, instead of smiling in return, when I meet the grin of the gentleman with his liniment and the blonde with her chewing gum, of the half-naked idlers at Coney Island and the over-dressed tourists on their way to the European "rum" cellar.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOLF AND CHARACTER

BY J. A. MacCALLUM

In a moment of unusual candour a noted Anglican divine has admitted that when he plays golf he forgets his wife, children, church, country and God. The singular thing about this confession is not its uniqueness, but its universality, for it is equally true of every man who has caught the genius of the game. Therein lies the mystery and fascination of golf, but, alas, also its danger; for like belladonna placed in our eyes by the oculist, this intense absorption reduces the personality to a state of quiescence and transparency where its every quality is unbared to the idle or curious gaze of any irreverent onlooker. The Freudians tell us to beware of recounting our dreams, less we betray our hidden infamies.

Golf is, however, a much simpler key to character than dreams, for it requires no technique to interpret the telltale facts it brings out into the light of common day. Let none who is afraid to be known for what he is without adornment and without excuse, a naked soul, become a devotee of the game. It is a spiritual spectrum which reveals with scientific accuracy and certitude the elements of which personality is formed. In the market place our contacts are restricted to a limited area of experience. We are not particularly interested in the origin, courage, temperament or religion of our customers. So long as they keep their credit good they may consult whatever oracles and worship at whatever shrines they will. It is no concern of ours whether our tailor is persuasive or truculent in his family manners, or talkative or taciturn when his plans miscarry. But when we unite in the intimacies of golf, it is impossible to be disinterested in each other's character, for it is a part of our immediate environment and, in fact, is thrust upon our attention.

Perhaps the most common weakness which golf reveals is an exaggerated eagerness to win. True, much can be said in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

favour of this ambition, which is grounded in the age-long struggle through which our present position of semi-security was attained by our pugnacious ancestors. But the amenities of civilized life require that we should take some thought of the rights and feelings of others, including even our competitors. After all, why should I claim the rewards of preëminence as over against my neighbour? And when I have done my best, why should it be a matter of distress if he makes a better score than I? A minimum of reflection will show that all men have not equal talent in all directions. Thus every one must be content with second place in some of the activities of life and with at least a few of the minor prizes. The Duke of Wellington was both generous and wise in admitting that when it came to mending shoes his cobbler was a greater man than he. Thus, if my rival comes out ahead of me in his score it should cause me no pain. I ought to be content with the consolation of knowing that I have a much higher intelligence quotient than he, or a greater talent for art or a better appreciation of nature, and am therefore domiciled in a finer and larger world. Yet this is not the way the matter works out with most men. They want to win, and exhibit the same deadliness of purpose which characterized their ancestors in the days when to lose a fight was to die. It may even be that in golf this desire is the resurgence of racial memories of long forgotten battles in which life was held by narrow margins. Whatever the explanation, golf reveals a greed for victory not in keeping with our modern gospel of brotherhood and coöperation.

Sometimes, indeed, this eagerness to excel others takes on such unlovely forms that it brings positive and immediate censure upon its possessor. Not long ago a distinguished jurist was in a game when his opponent lost his ball. He immediately took out his watch and waited patiently until the legal five minutes had expired. Then he promptly said, "Your five minutes are up. Here is your ball." A man so lacking in chivalry as that should shun golf as the plague, because of the fierce light it will surely throw upon the leanness of his soul. Though he should live a hundred years and never render a decision that will be reversed, he cannot escape the ignominy of that revelation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On hearing this story we feel instinctively that there can be little generosity, sympathy, courtesy or any other virtuous quality in his character. He is a machine rather than a man. The searchlight showed his soul as bare "as a rain-washed bone". His fellow members were inclined at first to put him out of the club, but in the end, since what he did was legal, they decided he was within his rights and that his punishment would be greater to retain him, and keep within their rights by refusing to play with him. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Golf here as everywhere is a transcript of life.

The selfishness of our nature is also revealed in another though more human form in failure to remember the count. Happily most players are immune from this crude temptation, yet in every club or considerable company of golfers there are a few who have an unenviable reputation for such lapses of memory. Often the men who are given to forgetting are apt in keeping an eye upon their opponents and checking up their count. But the true golfer watches himself and not his neighbour. That is not his business, but this does not mean that he will be the unwitting victim of another's deception. There is a psychic element in the game which sooner or later will reveal the slightest tendency to dishonesty. Let no man delude himself with the idea that because a hill intervenes between him and his adversary, he can forget a "foozle" or change a "lie" without it being recorded against him. Though he is not suspected the first or even the second time he does so, sooner or later he will become aware that the atmosphere freezes when he appears among his fellow players at the club. The underlying reason is that in golf no one can be cheated except one's self. In reality the contest is not with your neighbour but with Fate. It is an accidental thing whether my score is over or under that of the man with whom I am playing. My real opponent is Destiny's proxy, Nature, who is always ready to take advantage of the slightest deviation from the line which is the shortest distance between two points. She is rigidly exacting and watchful to charge me with another stroke or more in payment for each of my blunders. And Nature never can be cheated, because her score card is automatic and is none other than the soul of the player himself. There every stroke is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

registered indelibly, and whether the superficial record he keeps on a piece of cardboard corresponds with this count or not is a matter of small concern except to himself. Primarily it is the index to his integrity and only secondarily to his skill, and it never alters the real relation between his opponent and himself.

The state of quiescence which golf induces reveals also a widespread intellectual poverty which upon analysis is disturbing to the popular conviction that we are a highly intelligent people. Wherever golfers foregather when the day's contests are over, they are given to much talk about their failures and successes. One need not be a "highbrow" to feel a deep sense of depression as he overhears the conversation current in the dressing and dining rooms of any country club from Kennebunkport to Hollywood. The indigestible luncheon inadvisedly eaten by the player, or the extra cigar in which he foolishly indulged, accounts for his poor game. "If" and "I" are the words most in use in these deliberations. "If it had not been for the 'slice' which I developed on the sixth hole and which continued with me until the sixteenth, I would have played a brilliant game. You should have seen me last Sunday. I spent the week-end with a friend on Long Island. He is a member of the Excelsior Club and we played the 36 holes. Every drive I made went straight down the centre of the fairway, every approach was a gem, and every putt within four yards of the pin sank. But today I was all off. I don't understand what has come over me." This is the cardinal theme in every club, and is embroidered with numerous monotonous variations gathering around the Ego of the player and conditioned by many an "if". It is a sad confession for a golfer to make, but the wise man faces the facts, and after all the responsibility is not with the game. The one reform to which the intelligentsia among golfers must address themselves is to oxygenate the rarified mental atmosphere which at present prevails in the average country club, and which causes a slowing down of the intellectual processes and a stifling of the imagination in so many devotees of the game. This reform is essential if golf is to realize its highest possibilities as a vehicle of social usefulness.

Thus practically every weakness of spiritual structure, however minor in character, is revealed by golf. The man of sanguine or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mercurial temperament, hasty temper, self conscious manner or boastful disposition, is soon known to his fellow players. But fortunately golf throws into relief the nobler qualities of personality, though we are not so apt to dwell upon these. Rather we take them for granted on the same principle that the newspaper has little or nothing to say of the domestic virtues prevailing in homes unbesmirched by scandal. The weaknesses of men are no sooner discovered than they are bruited abroad. Knowledge of their strength is of slower growth, but eventually a man is known for what he is. Golf speeds up the process of evaluation and often opens the door to a wider circle of friends or admirers than would ordinarily be possible, a circle that sometimes reaches far beyond his knowledge. Here and there the unusual generosity of a strong player is shown by his willingness to help one less mature or gifted. The native selfishness we all share is exhibited in the desire of every man to play with those in his own class or slightly above it, so that it is indicative of superior virtue to be willing to spend one's time with a weak player. All the raw materials of the caste system of India are latent in any group of golfers. That these do not crystallize rigidly is due to the men of generous spirit who are willing to help others of inferior skill, and also to the fact that underneath all accidential distinctions the spirit of golf is democratic. No sooner does a player break through his limitations and reach a higher class than he is welcomed as an equal. If from a score in the nineties he jumps to par, he is accepted on his new credentials as a matter of course, nor will his old friends on the lower level envy him his new honours, however sad they may be in parting from him.

Courage and self control are also qualities which golf brings out with inspiring frequency. He who is weak in spirit is disheartened when he falls far behind his opponent, but the man who plays the game for its own sake rather than for victory over a rival is never unsteadied by initial defeat, and often retrieves the ground he has lost. The ruler of himself wins many a hole against men of more showy gifts. It is a humiliating though common experience, to be beaten by a plodder who is incapable of a brilliant shot. Tranquillity in every circumstance, whether for the moment one is winning or losing, is the secret of success.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The observant player on any course need not lack for inspiration. If he will look around him he will see many an example of courageous self-control. In the possession of these virtues by so many of our countrymen we have the surest guarantee against the overthrow of our civilization by the sudden adoption of half-baked theories of government.

So far the burden of my argument has been based upon the conviction that golf primarily reveals character rather than creates it. In this it is like war, which is often blamed for the moral breakdowns following in its wake. In truth, however, war does not create but simply uncovers the latent weaknesses of human nature. Golf is similar in this respect. Unlike other games, it voluntarily sets up hazards to test the courage and poise of the player. Here he has to carry a stream, there a sand pit or bunker, and as he faces the difficulty his powers of coördination are subjected to a rigorous test. Every golfer of modest skill knows that there are few hazards he could not negotiate were it not for the subtle derangement of his psychic mechanism induced by the subconscious fear of failure.

Yet it should not be inferred that golf is of no value in nurturing and strengthening character. We can disregard the behaviouristic psychologists who hold that there can be no intellectual growth after physical maturity has been reached, and take the common sense view that the future is always big with spiritual opportunity. This is obviously true in youth. The increasing numbers of golfers among our boys and girls is a good omen for the future of the nation. To learn to conform to a high standard of conduct in so concrete a school in the most formative years must leave an abiding impress for good upon the soul. To realize that it is the "proper thing" to be patient, courteous, considerate and meticulously honest, will surely increase the place that these qualities hold in the personality. And though a man has reached mature years before taking up the game, it is reasonable to believe that it will exercise a modifying influence upon any native crudities of character with which he may be handicapped. The fact that the player forgets his troubles and ordinary enterprises for a considerable time each week and brings his mind to a focus upon an altogether different interest, "far from the madding crowd," must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...him the reserves of power that will enable him to ...battle against Destiny in that great war in which ...generate ...discharge".

...will ask, with reason, why I have singled out golf for ...win... ...ment place among the many outdoor sports, all of ...rcise so valuable a ministry in the development of ... Why should golf be regarded as superior to tennis, ... or baseball, either in revealing the elements of personal-...y or in nurturing its virtues? The answer is that golf is a game of deliberation in which seasoned judgment plays a dominant part. These other games are swift in action, and since they are coöperative, must be played in subordination to the common purpose. In golf the contrary is true. We play a lone hand, for as we have seen our real opponent is Destiny. The game itself is individual, though its effects are social. Its psychological orbit is thus much wider than that afforded by any other sport. Besides it has the tremendous advantage of having scarcely any limitations of age. I have seen a boy playing upon the links so young that when he became tired he petulantly dropped his bag, where it would have remained were it not picked up by an older brother; and I have been beaten by a man over eighty years old. Tennis, hockey, baseball, football, polo, and even cricket, are for the young and virile, but golf is for anyone who is able to walk around the course. It is indeed a parable of life.

When through education and reflection the public has come to see that golf is not merely a pastime or recreation but an instrument of creative power for the analysis and development of character, it will take its rightful place in the new and harmonious commonwealth that man is engaged in building. It will then be recognized as the moral substitute for war through which the inherent belligerency of human nature will be sublimated, and our descendants, looking back upon our social, religious, racial and international strifes, will think of us as "Ancients of the earth, and in the morning of the times."

J. A. MacCallum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HORSELEECH HATH TWO DAUGHTERS

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

In every age there are certain words and phrases that break away from the staid, rhetorical phalanx of their fellows, and get into the "plane of perpetual apparition", astronomically speaking. They peer out at us from every page of magazines and newspapers and fall from every lip and pen, until they die, like a ragtime air, of their own popularity. "Pragmatist", "pacifist", "proposition", "camouflage", "propaganda", "scrap", "gesture",—figuratively used,— "sphere of influence", "open door", and "drive" are only a few of many possible illustrations in point.

Probably most of us give a sigh of relief when these overworked words are finally whistled down the wind, though we may have a wondering fear lest we shall eventually kill off half our vocabulary by an intemperate use of words once in good and regular standing. But before such words are cast into the discard, they should be carefully interviewed by historians and philosophers; for they are highly significant key-words of the era that wooed them to their decline. With his finger on any of these key-words, a good diagnostician can take the pulse and temperature of the age that used them. But any extended research into this fascinating study of verbal pathology I shall leave to the historian and philosopher, while I confine my attention to the study of sundry activities which have culminated in what is known as a "drive".

In the spacious days of our ancestors, the word "drive" might have pleasant associations. Even were it a drive of a hammer, and not in a sleigh, or surrey, the word carried no terrorizing suggestions. But the pastoral drive of our forebears is the scorch of "the automobility", and the hammer's drive has fitly given its figurative significance to the more or less philanthropic form of suction from which none of us escapes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So much for the recent literal derivation of the word. Its spirit, however, has a much older ancestry; for a drive is one of the lineal descendants of one of the horseleech's daughters, mentioned in that incomparable Book that seems to hold the roots of all modern experience. In the hard-won wisdom of Proverbs, we read that the horseleech hath two daughters, crying, "give, give". Many centuries have passed since Solomon gave a bad eminence to these two daughters, by embedding in the amber of his metaphor their dominant characteristic, and the world has been too busy to bring the genealogical record of the horseleech family up to date. We have, nevertheless, overwhelming evidence that those daughters belonged to a most prolific race, and one whose individual representatives have remained painfully true to type, as Solomon writ it down. One would hardly dare conjecture how many millions of the progeny of those daughters are now extant in every country of the world. Nor could one measure, save with an elastic trope of fancy, the accretions of strength and persistence which the centuries have added to the salient habit of the Leech family.

Suffice it to say, that there is hardly a city or hamlet in the world where the Leech tribe has not many representatives, easily identified by the ethical birthmark limned by Solomon. Their ancient cry is still the *vis a tergo* of church drives, college and alumnæ drives, club and "community chest" drives. Each succeeding year they seek out many inventions, to bait with novelty and curiosity the hooks with which they catch their gudgeons. Nor shall you escape the centipedic tentacles of the drive by retiring to any remote fastness of the earth; for even there the long postal arm of Uncle Samuel will reach out and grasp your buttonhole. You will be asked to order (from samples enclosed) a sweater, a raincoat, or a particular brand of soap, to the end that a certain percentage from the sale shall help some church or college drive or some of the many scores of relief societies that deserve the promptest attention that can be given to them.

In addition to the legitimate and non-legitimate public drives that are always with us, there are thousands of private drives, initiated by students, who entreat you to help them over the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corduroy road of an excelsior life, by subscribing to some periodical, or by investing in a new brand of face-cream, guaranteed to erase from your face all the thumb-marks of Time. The distinguishing feature of this form of drive is its unabashed assumption that, though the springs of pure generosity may have been drained dry by worthy or unworthy competitors of the driver, one may yet extract a few drops of very much alloyed benevolence, which bears the same resemblance to pure altruism that the second and third grades of jelly (made by forcibly squeezing the fruit-pulp) bear to the first clear self-distillings, made without any external pressure.

All these amiable distractions are interesting, because every human being who offers them, and his hopes and dreams, are interesting. But people with an excelsior programme of their own are finally forced to choose between carrying out that programme or a little of the ninety and nine other programmes outlined by colleges, clubs, churches and private drivers. A very little elementary arithmetic makes it clear that if twenty-four hours, or their nominal cash equivalent, be divided by ninety-nine, the quotient will hardly be sufficient to live on.

Naturally, the multifarious demands of the Leech family are no great tax upon those who have nothing to do and plenty of time and money with which to do it. But it is far otherwise with those who "scorn delights and live laborious days" for larger ends than they may care to unfold to any of the Leech clan. Even in Emerson's day, we find the trail of the Leech family in many an entry in his *Journals* and the *Essays:* "There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these (the Leeches) aim, but do not arrive. Why should all virtue work in one and the same way? Why should all give dollars? It is very inconvenient for us country folk, and we do not think any good will come of it. We have not dollars. Merchants have. Let them give them. Farmers will give corn. Poets will sing. Women will sew. Laborers will lend a hand. The children will bring flowers."

It sometimes happens that one who is physically or financially handicapped may have to make a choice between carrying out one's own programme, which may have ends that justify

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it, or letting one's self be paternalized by organizations which have a dozen programmes that would defeat one's own. The "hustling" church of today, that advertises its wares, and has a great many different kinds of wares, comes near being an entangling alliance and may well give one pause, if one allows it too large a "sphere of influence". If one attends church, Sunday School, prayer meeting, church lectures, church movies, church receptions, church bazars, church dramatics, church suppers, church missionary meetings, Ladies' Aid, and a more or less similar programme of one or more clubs, one can hardly keep that single eye, commended by Scripture, in carrying out any altruistic plans of one's own.

If one has no plans of one's own, and the problem of earning one's living does not enter into the case, one may be willing to be cogged into the machinery of the various functions already mentioned, just as millions of young men were made cogs in the machinery of military Germany. But if it becomes necessary to choose between running by one's own schedule and being run by the schedules of others, one must cheerfully accept the probable criticism of those who forget that the natural uses of human beings are as different as the uses of the trees of the forest; there are some that are good for building ships, some for barrels and hoops, and others for capable butter-tubs. Emerson and Franklin found that they could use their own particular kind of mental and moral timber to better advantage outside the church than in it; and the fact that these two men gave more to America, and the world, than perhaps any other two Americans, amply justified their decision. Yet there were undoubtedly many three dimensions minds who passed their three dimensions censure on the men of four dimensions, quite blind to the fact that while a lamp may properly be placed upon a table, the place for a star is in the sky, where its light may shine for all.

Because Emerson and Franklin were fearless, they dared to obey the voice of God rather than that of men, and time and their works have justified their course. We need a renaissance of this brand of courage, not to incite withdrawals from the church, but as a check on the sometimes too presumptuous demands of the class described by Emerson: "those who know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your business better than you do." Churches and clubs have a somewhat corporate conscience. When they wish a thing done they seldom consider any differences in the physical or financial condition of those whose time and talent they tax. Many a club paper has been requisitioned from those physically and financially depleted to furnish entertainment for robust leisureful people, whose days are chiefly spent in the quest for self-amusement. The club paper may be a legitimate and profitable method of dispensing entertaining wisdom. But it may also be one of the most iniquitous of the minor taxes levied by the Leech contingent, and a promoter of selfish sloth in those who will not plant, weed and hoe their own intellectual gardens, but prefer to eat the literary "garden sass" of their neighbours. This mental sponging is especially epidemic in dear old Boston, where lecturers, good, bad and indifferent, are thick as buttercups in a June meadow. As a consequence, there are many among the idle rich and mentally indigent (though the two conditions have no necessary alliance) who never allow themselves the labour of a self-originated idea, but indulge in one orgy of lectures after another, until their thoughts are little more than a saturated solution of other people's ideas.

Akin to the over-indulgence of the lecture-going habit, is the mania for belonging to half a dozen or more clubs, which "spread one out so thin" that there is danger of a futile mental and moral evaporation. Yet is this no brief against a good church or a good club, whose programmes are not so elaborate that they usurp the time when one might win wisdom from birds and brooks, or the still tuition of the stars. One may have engagements with the woods, clouds or mountain peaks that should supersede all others. "The sky is the daily bread of the eyes," wrote Emerson, who did not overlook the fact that the outer eyes are only transmitters to the inward eyes, which are "in a wise man's head", according to Ecclesiastes. We may never know how much of that iridescent shining, which transfigures Emerson's best work, was the indirect lighting of the skies; or how much the stellar illumination of essays like *The Over-Soul* and *Spiritual Laws* was due to his habit of going out and looking at the stars before retiring.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the paternalism of our age, which legislates us into virtue at the expense of liberty, would leave us little chance to consort with Deity or his vice-regent Nature, if we did not now and then stoutly resist the ancient Leechian cry when it insists that we hitch our wagon to a rushlight instead of a star. A particularly odious phase of the Leech habit is declared in our treatment of foreign guests, who come to our country little dreaming what heavy imposts have been levied upon every hour of their days among us. When someone showed Marshal Foch the appalling programme of receptions, banquets, parades, collations, and more receptions, where he was scheduled to appear and make a speech, even this dauntless hero of the world's greatest war exclaimed, "I see no mention made of my funeral."

But his pungently apt comment made no change in the programme. The delicate consideration which underlies true courtesy was nowhere apparent in the schedule, which thus put through the most fatiguing paces the weary hero, to whose own inclinations the programme should have been rigorously trimmed. Of course, Marshal Foch was too gallant a gentleman and of too heroic fibre to flinch before any social battles that might let him off with his life. But when one reads of such drastic hospitality forced upon guests of our Republic, one would not blame them, should they sometime rebel and cry, "Unhand me, gentlemen; or, by heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!"

The same cry is justified whenever the paternalism of church, state, club, or an officious individual, attempts to rob a man of the inalienable right of opening his oyster—the world—his own way. The Almighty has no fears when He makes men, who "abdicate a manifold and duplex life" and distil wisdom from "hours dialed by flowers on the hillside . . . and the long September day between sun and sun that holds centuries in its rosy and yellow deeps". Nor would He ever attempt to hobble the free moral agency of those who turn their backs on the whole dry earth and all its gauds that they may go down to the sea in ships and taste the wild tang of its mystery. But the little, tyrannical mind forever echoes the old error: "We rebuked him because he followed not with us," and as persistently forgets the reproof that followed the rebuke of that early paternalist, who would run in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one mould all men and their gifts to the world. Some must raise melons and others meditations, for the world needs both on its bill of fare.

Yet would it be unjust to give the impression that all the members of the Leech family are *personæ non gratæ* to those who have an altruistic goal of their own. Some of them, on the contrary, have been among the finest forces of every age; for they have attached to the tremendous power wheel of their dominant habit humanitarian instincts that have utilized to noble ends a force that other members of the Leech family have squandered on selfish and trivial aims. Among the most praiseworthy members of the Leech clan have been the leaders of relief societies for sufferers from war, famine, flood and pestilence. The directors of all such movements have in their veins a purified strain of the Leech family that makes us understand why it was endowed with its racial trait. Among modern representatives of this preferred stock is Herbert Hoover, whose "give, give," is so wholly directed to righteous ends that his branch of the house should be granted a crest with the motto, *miseris succurrere disco.*

If we may judge from the wide dissimilarity between the aims of the Leech descendants, either Solomon must have overlooked a marked difference between the two daughters known to him, or one of them must have improved the Scriptural stock by crossing it with several notable altruists. But the other daughter has passed down, with baleful increments only, the outstanding trait that caught the appraising eye of Solomon. Of all the nefarious descendants of this nefarious daughter the worst is War, whose "Give, Give!" has multiplied the comparatively peeping "give, give" of the Leech original, as with a megaphone of a million feet in diameter, till its fearful blasts have shaken the uttermost rim of the world. Other descendants of the tribe may cease from the repetition of their clan cry, when the sun goes down. Not so the god of destruction, who levies by night as well as by day, and bonds, with the guilty, the innocent generations unborn.

Yet strangely enough, despite the world illusion that men are anywhere free, this most monstrous of all leeches, the vampire war, is allowed to live, though every man, woman and child, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so-called civilized countries, is bound by some of his million fetters. If once this vampire were destroyed and the treasures of life and substance, supinely yielded to him, were restored to uses befitting human beings, the world would know a liberty that would unlock the gates of the millennium. But at present, every soldier, whose time and talents are dechanneled from their natural course, to serve the brutalizing arts of human slaughter, is a slave, whose bondage is far more heinous and fatal to the weal of mankind than that from which the coloured race was freed. Every mother, whose sons are demanded as sacrifice to the vampire war, is a slave. Every woman, who yields to the inhuman demands of this monster the life of her husband or lover, and her natural future as a wife and mother, is a slave.

Every citizen, man, woman or child, who pays a war tax is a slave to this still victorious god of Destruction, who has muttered through all the ages his blood-curdling chant:

> Give, give, give! by day and night—
> (I hear the evil man-made monster cry)
> Your husbands give, your sons and sweethearts all,
> To feed my fires, to bleed, to suffer and to die.
> Give me the spring of youth and feeble age
> That I may steal their fresh or frosty breath;
> Give me your faith to break with flippant scorn,
> Your hopes to blast with bitterness and death.
> No tithe of all my shameless tax withold,—
> A million, million hearts give me to break,
> Your peace-lit homes to burn and devastate,
> Your life, your land, your liberty I take:
> Yet only whetted still my insatiate lust—
> Give me your all to trample in the dust!

Is it then possible that among all the colossal forces of the world, that were mobilized to obey the ghastly demands of this monster, there is yet none wisely strong enough to destroy him forever? Here, then, is the opportunity for the descendants of the nobler daughter of the Leech tribe. Let there be a world-drive against war, a drive in which every sane man, woman and child shall be asked to do something. Military victories could not have been achieved without system and an organization of millions of troops. The same law holds with the battles for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perpetual peace, which cannot come by means of a few weeks of diplomatic chess-playing in any country, good as that may be as a beginning of something better. With all due appreciation of the high motives and ability of all these fine chess-players, they have not yet given their full attention to the crying need of the world, which is the total abolition of war. Limitation of armaments touches the core of the greater need little more effectively than a single man with a garden-hose could put out a city fire that had been burning twenty-four hours.

"The good is the enemy of the best," chiefly, because it decoys time and attention from the greatest vital need to a minor and inadequate aim. *War will not be abolished until there is an aim to abolish war.* A far more hopeful promise of a movement that may help end war is given by the insurgent youth of Germany, who are banded together in revolt against the restricting bondage of militarism, school, and modern industry, and especially against the blind men who made and defend *the war.* These fresh shoots from the old roots of the earlier *Wandervoegel,* almost exterminated by the blind Prussian war-lords, may yet save Germany from her baser, suicidal self. When young men, whose watchword is truth and purity, hold their meetings in the forests, on the hills, and under the stars, we may expect no roof-bound expedients in their programmes, but the heaven-lit clarity of vision, which is sometimes vouchsafed to youth alone.

But too much—fortunately not all—of the world's grey-bearded wisdom is hobbled by custom and fear; a fear whose caution may be more fatal to mankind than the boldest experiment ever hazarded by daring youth. Fear never houses with creative ability. A new, constructive plan must courageously tear away all the old, rotten underpinning that undergirds that death-trap structure, War. The world needs no more experience to teach it that small boys should not be left to play with matches or loaded guns. *Delendum est bellum!*

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE gentle art of damning the public has recently been practised with great zeal, by both Capital and Labour. The employees of a large public passenger transportation company in New Jersey went on strike for higher wages; whereupon the managers of the company made no effort to fill their places or to compose the dispute, but simply suspended all operation of their numerous car lines, saying, "It isn't our funeral." True, hundreds of thousands of the public were put to serious inconvenience and loss; but what of that? "The public be damned!" At about the same time the workmen in the anthracite coal mines demanded higher wages and various other changes in the conditions of their employment, threatening unless these were promptly granted to go on strike; and refusing all proposals of arbitration, and saying that they were not interested in the doings of the Coal Commission of the United States Government. Obviously, such a strike would doom millions of the public not only to inconvenience and loss but also to almost intolerable suffering, culminating in many cases in sickness and death. But what of that? The labour union leaders were intent on "giving the operators the trouncing of their lives". "The public be damned!" It would be interesting to know how long these various arrogant autocrats of industry suppose the American public—and the public throughout the world, since the same damning is indulged in in other lands than ours—will be content to play the part of an insignificant *tertium quid*. There is reason to think that feelings of resentment and resistance are already widespread and are nearing the point of making themselves decisively felt. The public will one day cause it to be realized that it is not merely the third party to all such controversies, but that it is also the first party whose interests are to be considered. It will do so, too, without any leaping from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fryingpan of industrial controversies into the fire of Government ownership or Socialism. Since the Constitution was ordained and established "to promote the general welfare", it is a matter of course that the general welfare can be promoted, justice be established, domestic tranquillity be insured, and the blessings of liberty be secured, without going outside the principles and provisions of the Constitution.

It was a tragedy of sentiment that the exchange and deposit of ratifications of the treaties made at the Washington Conference did not occur until after the death of President Harding. The making of those treaties was the supreme achievement of his Administration and one of the greatest achievements of any administration, and it would have been most fitting for him to witness in the flesh—surely, he did witness in the spirit—the final formality in the process, which gave the world the material execution of that unexampled agreement. It is impossible to ignore the contrast which is presented between those treaties and the Covenant of the League of Nations. We were told that if America remained outside the League she would be powerless for the good of humanity, and especially could do nothing to safeguard the world against a recurrence of the horrors of war. Yet, standing resolutely outside the League, acting with independent sovereignty on its own initiative, this nation has effected such an actual reduction of armaments, such a limitation of further construction of armaments, and such a guarrantee of peace among the nations, as all the forty-odd nations in the League have not so much as dreamed of attempting. We are still too near in time to the achievements of the Washington Conference to appreciate justly their vast importance. The progress of events will disclose it, and will confirm us in the faith that sophisticated covenants and denationalizing entanglements are futile and vain by the side of direct negotiations, face to face, between Powers which maintain their sovereignty unimpaired and which respect each other as themselves.

The bitterest cynic could scarcely devise or desire anything more suited to his mood than much of the current comment upon the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem of war debts, particularly that which emanates from pacifist sources. The two countries which are to receive first and supreme consideration, and to whose interests the interests and welfare of all others are to be, if necessary, unhesitatingly sacrificed, are—most beatific association!—America and Germany. Every discussion of possible abatement or reduction of debts begins with the fundamental premise, inflexible and impregnable, that every cent due to America, excepting perhaps from Germany, must of course be paid in full. That is axiomatic. That is a *sine qua non*. Other Powers ought to be willing at least to consider foregoing their claims. Great Britain ought to cancel France's debt to her; and for France to expect Russia to pay the debt which she contracted long before the war, for building and equipping her railroad system, is simply a monstrous exhibition of militaristic imperialism. But for America to cancel even a part of the debt which France incurred in waging a war for the protection of America from Hunnish conquest —not by a long chalk! What do you take us for, anyway? We lent the money, and we want it back again, every cent, with interest. And then, whenever the talk turns upon the question of compelling debtors to fulfil their obligations, there is another like premise laid down, to dispute which would savour of the Unpardonable Sin; to wit, that whoever may or may not be coerced, Germany must not be. Not the slightest pressure must be applied to her. Not the slightest security or guarantee of any kind must be required of her. And if she says she cannot pay, that ends it. Her words are words of verity, and all her talk is truth. In brief, the one country which incomparably above all others would be able without suffering to cancel the debts due to it, must in no wise be asked to do so; and the one which incomparably above all others is morally as well as legally obligated to pay, must in no wise be required to do so. I said in my haste that this would suit the cynic's mood. No; it would drive him to envy and despair, as so immeasurably surpassing his most acrid imagination.

The controversy between Great Britain and France over German reparations is developing a uniquely practical method of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diplomatic negotiation. In newspaper disputes and criticisms the "deadly parallel" has long been a familiar and effective device. It was left to M. Poincaré, with his mathematically logical mind, to employ it in his correspondence with Mr. Baldwin. The businesslike flavor of it must have commended it to the British statesman, and of course the genius of his race enabled M. Poincaré to do the unprecedented thing in a manner as void of offence as any of the old style periphrasis ever could have been. After that there was just one thing for the British Prime Minister to do. That was, to quit writing and have a face to face talk with M. Poincaré. Throughout the entire controversy three important elements have been conspicuous and dominant. One is France's implicit conviction of the righteousness of her course on the Ruhr and her confidence in its ultimate success. The second is the embarrassing position of the British Government between the clamour of unemployed labour on the one hand, demanding that pressure on Germany be relaxed in order that trade with that country may be greatly exploited, and on the other hand the precedent set be Mr. Lloyd George in affirming the legality of the Ruhr occupation. But over and above these is the third, to wit, the resolute purpose of both Powers to maintain the *Entente*. That it will be maintained, no matter how sharply the two Powers may differ on some details, it is impossible to doubt. Neither France nor Great Britain is minded to throw Europe again upon the threshing-floor of the world.

Long ago I came to the conclusion that there was not to be conceived a subject on which a book might not be written and published, and in this I am confirmed by the appearance of a volume dedicated to the proposition that Pasteur was a plagiarist and impostor, strutting in the stolen plumage of Béchamp. This astounding proposition seems to be based, so far as it can be said to be based at all, on the fact that Béchamp, whose scientific studies have always been held in high regard by the world, made some interesting discoveries in fermentation, especially in relation to acetic acid, and also in the chemistry of albumen, and did so contemporaneously with Pasteur's work in the same field. Indeed it may be that Béchamp did some of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his work before Pasteur, since he was the elder man. Against that one circumstance, which in itself proves nothing at all, may be set half a dozen, any one of which should be conclusive. Pasteur's work was not confined to a single great discovery, but comprised several achievements of prime importance, widely different in character and separated far in time. Did he steal all these, successively, from Béchamp? Several of his achievements were made under direct commission from the Government. Is it conceivable that in such circumstances he could profit from the work of another, without the Government's detecting the imposition? He was through most of his career the subject of extraordinarily keen hostile scrutiny and criticism. Is it possible that his enemies could have failed to detect any fraudulent practices on his part? It is, moreover, contrary to human nature to suggest that so great a scientist as Béchamp would for fifty years or so sit silent and unmoved while another man was appropriating credit for his achievements; and it is contrary to all that the world knows of Pasteur to suggest that so modest, unselfish and sincere a man as he would live a lie. I shall after this not be surprised to find in the list of forthcoming new books announcement of a two-volume treatise demonstrating that all sunbeams are really extracted from cucumbers.

Kipling was right in picturing Romance as being very much at home among the mechanical contrivances of this most practical age. Some of the current performances of science rival in daring imagination the utmost flights of romantic invention. The attempted flight of Kai Kaous to heaven finds a more worthy analogue in the act of astronomers soaring miles high, above the clouds, to observe an eclipse of the sun, and to study not only the sun as it is obscured by the moon's disc but also—for the first time—the shadow cast upon the earth by the same phenomenon. There is a challenge in wonderment to Vathek's entrance to the halls of Eblis in the venture of men shooting the rapids of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and maintaining communication with the world by means of radio from the depths of that fearful abyss. Nor is it an idle or an unromantic thing for aviators to carry mails from the Atlantic to the Pacific

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coast within the space of a trifle more than a day. Such deeds as these surpass the romance of fiction with the greater romance of everyday truth. But much as they fill us with wonder at the resources of nature and of science, still more do they do so with their exposition of the power of man to discover and to utilize those resources, and to enter into the very arcana of creation.

The first general election in Ireland under the constitution of the Free State, happily assuring by its result the maintenance of that constitution and the treaty from which it sprang, will be followed closely by a general election in India, to choose the second Indian Legislative Assembly, in place of the first, whose term of office has expired. This election will be observed with intense interest because of some attendant circumstances. There is undoubtedly deep resentment throughout much of India at the Kenya business in Africa, in which the desirable highlands are reserved for white colonists, and Indians are compelled, if they go thither at all, to remain in the far less desirable lowlands. Such discrimination against the citizens of one of the equal members of the Commonwealth of Nations has aroused widespread feeling, and is expected to provoke many to go to the polls, to elect representatives who will devise, if possible, retaliatory measures. There is indeed need that something shall rouse the Indians to take part in general elections, if the whole system is not to degenerate into a farce. The total population of India is more than three hundred millions, and the qualified electors number only about one million, or one voter in three hundred. That is bad enough, but there was something worse in the conduct of the last—and first—election, three years ago, when only about one-sixth of the qualified voters took the trouble to go to the polls. A Legislative Assembly supposedly representative of a nation of over 300,000,000 people was constituted by the votes of scarcely 167,000 persons. It is of course desirable that every qualified elector shall exercise his prerogative. Only in that way can the Legislative Assembly be made to command respect as really representative of the people of India.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THIRTY YEARS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By Charles Richet. New York: the Macmillan Company.

Scientists who have seriously taken up what is called "psychic research" have always had to contend not only with the inherent difficulty of their subject matter but also with an intolerant attitude on the part of other scientists and the general public. Every science, to be sure, has had its mythological period. Since chemistry originated in alchemy and astronomy in astrology, it should not surprise us that "metapsychics", as Professor Richet chooses to call the branch of knowledge to which he has devoted so much effort, finds its beginnings in Spiritualism. The difference is that, whereas the other pseudo-sciences flourished in a period of general ignorance and superstition, the "occult" aspects of psychic research were brought forward at a time when men's minds were thoroughly accustomed to scientific modes of thought and to an objective matter-of-fact way of looking at all things. "Spiritualism" thus fell into deserved contempt, and the connection of psychic research with the discredited cult was too close and too recent to be promptly shaken off. It was doubtless inevitable that a man like F. W. H. Myers should have entered upon the investigation of occult phenomena chiefly with the object of proving (or disproving) survival of bodily death. So the first experimenters in chemistry sought the philosopher's stone, and those who first studied the laws governing the stars aimed at the prediction of future events. Whether scientific proof of immortality be something more or less illusory than the philosopher's stone, we are not at present entitled to say. The point that has become clear is that the search for such proof is no longer either the necessary motive or the most promising objective in metapsychic investigation. And while it is unintelligent—and in the case of the living not merely unintelligent but cruel—to sneer at such men as Myers and Lodge for their preoccupation with the beyond, yet it must be said that the emphasis they have laid upon this phase of the subject has proved rather a hindrance than a help to a just appreciation of the facts.

The truth appears to be that "metapsychics" is a science just emerging from the mythological stage and entering upon the stage of exact and impartial examination of phenomena. It has hardly reached the stage at which hypotheses are feasible. In particular it needs to be wary of adopting as its leading hypothesis and its reason for being the idea of disembodied intelligences. Conceivably *any* science may reach conclusions profoundly modifying our conception of human destiny; but its immediate goal should be simply truth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To lay the formal foundation, or rather to outline clearly the ground plan, of the new science of metapsychics is clearly the purpose of Professor Richet. His book is thus not at all of a sensational character. It is possible, indeed,—though not easy,—to write entertainingly of the occult without merely peddling marvels or catering to the love of ghost stories. This, however, is not precisely what Richet has attempted. His book is largely a collection of observations, patiently accumulated, rigidly classified, and carefully criticized. It partakes of the dullness which the layman without special enthusiasm for bare truth is apt to feel when he delves into the detailed facts of any science.

The originality of the work consists, first, in its classification of the phenomena, and, secondly, in its severe exclusion of mythology, and, indeed, of every unnecessary hypothesis. The phenomena of metapsychics are divided into the subjective and the objective. The subjective class includes simply various manifestations of *cryptesthesia*, "a faculty of cognition that differs from the normal sensorial faculties." The objective class comprises *telekinesis* —mechanical action at a distance without contact—and *ectoplasm* (materialization), which is "the formation of diverse objects that seem to emerge from a human body and take on the semblance of material realities—clothing, veils, and living bodies."

If these alleged phenomena are not true, then we must attribute to the professor of physiology in the University of Paris—to say nothing of other men of science who have reached similar conclusions—strange credulity and extraordinary inexactness of observation.

But what is the interpretation of the facts, if facts they be? Professor Richet's answers are largely negative. The spiritist doctrine he criticizes and dismisses. "Telepathy," as an explanation of the phenomena of cryptesthesia, he regards as a mere impediment. "*Telepathy* implies a hypothesis; *cryptesthesia* has the great merit that it does not. If A sees his [absent] dying friend at the moment of death, it is a hypothesis to say that the thought of B has been transmitted to A. But it is no hypothesis to say that A has some special sensibility that makes him aware of the death of B." Except for the relative simplicity of the term *cryptesthesia* (hidden sensibility) it makes no difference how we label the facts. "Although the pole-star is many millions of miles beyond Sirius, both are equally inaccessible. To read my thought seems as difficult as to read a letter (open or closed) on my desk two miles or two thousand miles distant." Similarly Professor Richet, unlike Flournoy, attempts no explanation by means of the subconsciousness. Facts that can be completely explained by subconscious action belong, he would say, to normal psychology rather than to metapsychics.

We are left, then, with an accumulation of observed facts and a very little knowledge of the conditions under which they occur. "There is a small number of subjective intellectual facts (much less numerous than spiritualists suppose) which neither pantamnesia nor the subconscious elaboration of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remembrances can account for." A limited number of objective facts is equally well attested. That is all.

On the whole, the chief interest of Richet's book is that it states precisely what reason there is for supposing that the range of human intellect is greater than we have been accustomed to think. Otherwise, this treatise has rather less relation to life and to the recognized interests of mankind than has an explanation of Relativity. To those who possess intellectual curiosity and who are free from the common *phobia* of the abnormal, it will prove almost as well worth reading as any of the accounts of Einstein's theory—and for similar reasons.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS. By Robert Lynd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The charm of Mr. Lynd's critical writing is essentially due to the fact that he is a sound if sometimes rather superficial humanist. The virtue of humanism, untainted with dogmatism either new or old, is one that will bear considerable dilution. Nothing that possesses a well-attested, or even a presumptive, human value comes amiss to Mr. Lynd, and without making an idol of art or its supposed principles, he sees that art has a sphere of its own not altogether coincident with that of objective reality. Doubtless—though Mr. Lynd does not say just this—the virtue of what Nathaniel Hawthorne called "those damned allegories" of his is precisely the fact that they are exquisite allegories rather than realistic stories. Substantiality in fiction has its delight, but so has unsubstantiality, and the world would be poorer without the unsubstantiality of Hawthorne. So of many other writers, questionable or highly respectable. What they have written is literature; that is, it is writing exquisitely adapted to fulfill a human need and to convey a human meaning. Shall we then ask whether Herrick, for example, is worth while? By no means! It is enough to know that "Herrick was a gross and good-natured clergyman who had a double chin"—and who wrote exquisite verses. After this we may go on and get a taste of the quality of his work. Herrick "kept a pet pig which drank beer out of a tankard . . . It would be a libel on him to say that he was a pig, but it would not be a libel to say that he was a pet pig . . ." On the whole, "he is a master of light poetry—of poetry under the rose."

In the part of his essay that lies between his characterization and his estimate, Mr. Lynd does, however, make one feel a good deal of Herrick's real quality. If this sort of thing be superficial criticism, then superficiality is often more to be desired than profundity.

That Mr. Lynd writes with charm is undeniable: he possesses the art of interesting his readers not so much in criticism or in literature as in the particular work or the individual writer that he portrays. He is, however, seldom very penetrating, and is, all things considered, essayist rather than critic in much of what he writes. Thus, after writing eloquently of Byron, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leaves us—Macaulay-fashion—with little more than the conventional picture of Byron. In his article on Keats, he fastens upon the Fanny Brawne controversy, and he produces a comment rather than an interpretation. The only conclusion that appears capable of emerging from all the talk about Keats and Fanny (when all the pros and cons have been exhausted) is that Keats was a man! He was also a poet, which interests one more.

In short, despite all the stress that Mr. Lynd very properly lays upon the personal element in criticism, one does occasionally feel in his writing an insufficiency of personal insight.

One likes him best in those essays wherein one can most clearly perceive his liberality and his best intuition at work in assigning to writers, howsoever fashionable or unfashionable, fantastic or realistic, a just preëminence within the spheres that they have made their own. One likes it that Hawthorne should be called "the first prose myth-maker of America," and that he should be praised for that. One is pleased with Mr. Lynd's estimate of Max Beerbohm as perfect in his own fashion. A critic who can perceive the human and the artistic superiority of Plutarch and of Herodotus to most modern biographers and historians, and who can at the same time attribute due value and praise to writers so artificial as Max Beerbohm and Edgar Allen Poe, joins liberality and discrimination to some purpose.

After all, the only serious fault that one somewhat ill-naturedly finds with Mr. Lynd's criticism is that it leaves Philistinism almost untouched. A perhaps not wholly misguided instinct makes one feel that criticism should not be *too* easy-going and democratic—that it should be a little savage and also a little esoteric; that it should not merely engage the willing interest of the reader, but should force him to know in his soul whether his liking for literature is sham or real.

SUSPENDED JUDGMENTS. By John Cowper Powys. New York: American Library Service.

Just what is meant by *Philistinism*—that intellectually snobbish word? Perhaps the quality at the heart of it is the unspoken belief that all men are created equal in intellect and in perception, or, if not, that no one has a right to claim any superiority by reason of such endowments—intellect and taste being a kind of freakish addition to plain human nature. Thus the "finer things of life" are all very well in their way. . . .

However this may be, it is certain that the criticism of Mr. John Cowper Powys cannot be accused of leaving Philistinism unscathed. Any one who is a Philistine is going to be enraged by Mr. Powys's criticism. This also would doubtless be all very well in its way, except for the fact that Mr. Powys in his latest book indulges in certain rather extravagant tirades against the dominance of bourgeois tastes and standards, the tyranny of the "young person" in literature, and that "barbaric vulgarity of our commercial age" which casts a slur upon frank discussions of the influence of sex in literature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To put the case mildly, one feels that a subtler irony would have been more effective.

Mr. Powys at his best is, however, an acute and even a powerful critic. If his general philosophy is unacceptable—and one wishes that he would not parade it quite so much—this fact does not prevent him from writing amazingly well of Joseph Conrad and of Henry James. On the contrary, one may perhaps concede that a bad philosophy may help one to write good criticism, as a thoroughly unscientific conception of the universe may be favourable to writing good poetry!

Nevertheless, one cannot avoid stumbling over Mr. Powys's general notions about life, and one cannot praise him adequately without first dispraising them.

There is first the notion that the ultimately desirable thing is "to sink deeply into one's true self": literature helps us most when it helps us to do this. It is true enough, no doubt, that we all have certain primary traits and instincts which we cannot really alter and which we repress at our peril. If modern psychology has taught us anything, it certainly appears to have taught us that. But who is to tell us when we are truly sinking into our true selves and when we are merely sinking into our vagaries? In order to make the proper discrimination, it really does not seem to be enough that we frankly and fully recognize the influence of sex. Again one can scarcely avoid noticing that the doctrine does not invariably work well in the case of those who practice it *consciously*. In fact, it works badly about to the extent to which it is consciously practiced, seeming to result in what one is tempted to call lazy-mindedness, a subjectivism, at any rate, that appears to be not sufficiently careful of logic and proportion. Men of genius do indeed seem more or less to conform to the doctrine, but they are at their best when they do so unconsciously and because they cannot help it. Let us admit that there are certain deep hereditary, not very definable, apprehensions in us, to which the greater writers and artists appeal. But suppose this course of reasoning results in the affirmation that the only permanently humourous subject is sex, and that the most genuine humour is akin to the "racy" talk of loungers in a tavern! Shall we still agree? One is led to doubt that the reaction even of great writers upon one is best described by the word "sinking", or any such passive word, and one wants a better definition of "true self".

Secondly, one runs foul of the notion that all the significance of life is contained in those moments of realization which art and literature inspire and which in their turn are the inspirers of art and literature. This identification of imagination with the meaning of life, like the more famous identification of truth with beauty, seems splendid yet a trifle rash. "Something tells us" that it may be so, yet one cannot help suspecting that there may be a good deal more in life than just this.

Finally, one comes up against Mr. Powys's general contempt for our present commercial civilization and bourgeois standards. Here, too, it seems as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if the view were partial—as if political economy and ethics might perhaps be needed to balance the literary verdict. From the purely literary point of view one wonders whether in a world having no standards in conflict with the liberty of artistic taste, it would not be necessary to invent the old bourgeois morality in order to give life the indispensable zest of contrast.

It remains to reëmphasize the fact that Mr. Powys has written remarkably well of not a few writers, and especially of Joseph Conrad and Henry James. It is a true saying that "the inherent genius of a writer is usually a deeper and more ingrained thing than the obvious qualities for which the world commends him." It requires real intuition and some courage to praise Conrad for so simple and yet so occult a thing as his uncanny insight into the margin of the human mind. To do justice to James is not easy; but Mr. Powys's insight into the half "real", half created world in which James wrote enables one to see the frankly admitted faults, or rather *exclusions*, of that great writer as the merits that they are. "One comes, at any rate, to see," writes Mr. Powys, "from the exquisite success upon us of this author's method, how futile it is, in this world, whereof the beginning and the end are dreams, to bind an artist down to tedious and photographic reality"—a saying so good that we shall not quarrel with him about the reality and earnestness of life any more than we do with Shakespeare for comparing life to the unsubstantial fabric of a vision. The essay on Verlaine is full of the unction of personal appreciation, and it fairly leaves the reader, after all the critic's praise, to like or dislike the poet as he will. In all the essays, along with much rhetorical over-elaboration and some vagary, there are straightforward attempts to define in the innocence of the receptive mind the thing that really matters most in each writer's work.

American Poems. By J. C. Squire. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Clever and interesting verse with now and then a really poetic line is what Mr. Squire has written—a kind of verse likely to find an enthusiastic reader here and there, but for the most part careless-seeming and deficient in compelling power. Mr. Squire is at his best in those poems in which, after the fashion of a good many of our moderns, he makes a special point of seeming careless. His poem upon the Chicago Stockyards is an artfully artless, strange, commonplace sort of thing, which may or may not be true poetry according to classic principles, but is at any rate an unforgettable impression. The contents of the volume are in fact decidedly variable both as to kinds and as to excellence. Besides the realistic poem on the Stockyards, there are more or less conventionally romantic poems of a somewhat occasional character, like the poem on the approach to New York and that on Niagara. In the New York poem, the couplet in honour of our much written-about sky-scrapers—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A noble group fit for a great
New hemisphere's majestic gate"—

is a mere jingle, while a later pair of verses—

"In random rivalry they climb,
The oddest pinnacles of time"—

is a fresh combination of words more or less suffused with imagination. The poem on Niagara is rather effectively descriptive in its beginning and dreadfully obvious in its conclusion, which pictures—

"America empty again, and beasts astray,
The forests growing again, the cities gone,
Fall'n mossed over, Niagara sounding on . . ."

Of Mr. Squire's more intimate verse one may quote, not exactly as typical, but as illustrative of the author's queer variability, *An Epitaph:*

"Shiftless and shy, gentle and kind and frail,
Poor wanderer, bewildered into vice,
You are freed at last from seas you could not sail,
A wreck upon the shores of Paradise."

The first two lines have something of the true rhetoric of verse and the ring of epigram; but surely the last two are painfully banal.

Mr. Squire's poems seem to be the product of a man of talent who jots down his impressions (sincerely enough) for what they may be worth, but without the highest degree of conviction.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN MOORE. By Beatrice Brownrigg. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.

A biography is often enough a strange medley of traits and facts, a confused and (perhaps necessarily) vague and questionable picture of personality, a subject of speculation and of doubtful reflection about the human soul. Few life-stories can have at once the homely reality and the sculptured dignity which Plutarch lends to his heroes. The biographer of Sir John Moore is fortunate in her subject, for by making apt use of her materials she is able to produce a firm and delicate outline of character which, amid the circumstantial detail that surrounds it, stands out as boldly as a cameo.

It is not the setting, of course, that primarily matters. The biographer is not chiefly concerned with history, though in such cases the historical background and the circumstantial setting must be (as in this case they are) scrupulously correct and clear in detail. What matters is the lifelike picture of the good soldier, only to be appreciated among the facts of the warrior's own time and life.

In such characters as Moore's there is perhaps a certain lack of subtlety, and while it would be ridiculous, with the memory of the great war still fresh,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to suggest that there is anything antiquated about military ideals and military virtues, still it may be thought that whereas Sir John Moore was undoubtingly brave, many a modern soldier doubted and was brave. Military glory has become, one supposes, a slightly tarnished ideal, and *pro patria mori* became in the trench a deadlier affair, if possible, than it was on the fields where Wellington fought. But what a deal is accomplished in this world by accepting as final one's own instinctive ideals, or even loose current ideals, and by being absolutely true to them! Through artful faithfulness to fact Moore's biographer brings out the natural tone of his life and character, placing the emphasis upon simple manhood, disinterested performance of duty, and that unselfish ambition which is so often the mainspring of great actions—the traits of an unsophisticated and not wholly Wordsworthian "happy warrior". Thus the book puts us in touch with a part of our great tradition—a part that we should not lose sight of in our preoccupation with larger social problems.

AUTOCRACY AND REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA. By Baron Sergius A. Korff, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Political Science, School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University. New York: The Macmillan Company.

For years before the European war the Western world had fallen into the habit of making something of a mystery of Russia and of the Russian race and character. Though no event might have been more easily predicted than the overthrow of the Czarist régime as the result of the breakdown of Russia in the war, the issue of the revolution in the Bolshevik experiment has appeared to Western eyes as strange as it is unprecedented. A lack of authentic information from the interior of Russia since the second revolution has deepened the feeling of mystery about that unfortunate country, and the tendency to regard the whole Russian people as unaccountably perverse is somewhat persistent.

It is easy enough to see that the old autocracy was vicious and that in the reign of Nicholas II it was becoming decadent. It ought to be easy enough to perceive, moreover, that this autocracy bred parasites in the body of the people. To be sure, revolutionary motives were in many cases sound and justifiable. Yet the reactions produced by oppression are not all those of a purely noble resistance. Autocratic Russia appears to have been a natural breeding place for those political diseases which disintegrated society almost as soon as the autocracy was removed. The process was helped forward by German intrigue, and it was favored by the loose social and geographical structure of the nation.

There is no need, therefore, for our holding up our hands in surprise over the state of Russia or for attributing to the Russians peculiar motives or states of mind. Those explanations of the course of events which Baron Korff gives in his book are in the main remarkable for their convincing simplicity.

In the first place, there is no great difficulty in understanding the psychology

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Lenin and his associates, who accepted German money as a means toward setting up the Bolshevik Government in Russia. They undoubtedly expected to have their revenge upon the German Imperial Government by inoculating Germany with the Bolshevik virus, and they came much nearer to success in this attempt than is generally known. While their motives were those of fanatics, and were no nobler than those of the terrorists who preceded them, it is not necessary to suppose in them a peculiar inconsistency, an unthinkable form of treason.

But why did the Russians succumb to and tolerate the Bolshevik control? The constitutional government, Baron Korff believes, was at one time possible, but it failed on account of the personal shortcomings of Count Witte, who was at heart reactionary, though by comparison with other bureaucrats he was esteemed a Liberal. At the time of the Bolshevik revolution the weak Government of Kerensky, striving to maintain a position that had become unclear and untenable, was easily upset by "the only small group that had a distinct policy, that knew for what they were standing and what they wanted, wanting it very strongly. They had no moral scruples; they did not stop at the details of daily life, but went straight forward to their beloved aim—the establishment in Russia of a Socialistic state."

Surely, it seems scarcely necessary to seek a remote explanation for the failure of the attempt to restore order on the part of such men as Kolchak, Wrangel, and Denikin. An abstract enthusiasm for good government could hardly be expected to overcome the natural prejudice of the Russian against enterprises smacking of the old régime, or supported by Foreign Powers. But it has often been supposed that the communistic experiment has been tolerated in Russia longer than it would have been endured in any other country just because the Russian peasant is by nature and training a Communist. This assumption, Baron Korff points out, is wholly erroneous. The peasant *mir* was not originally a spontaneous organization of rural life in Russia, but was in fact a device of the Central Government to facilitate tax-collecting and recruiting. As soon as the Government felt strong enough to dispense with it, the *mir* at once began to deteriorate; the peasants themselves had never been attached to it. Of course, as long as the Communist mode of life was in a manner thrust upon them the peasants scarcely realized the meaning of private property. But with the revolution, the peasants obtained possession of the land. "As soon as they got it, they meant to keep it; hence Communism was doomed." The peasants, constituting eighty-five per cent of the population of Russia, remain the key to the whole situation, though of course no real change will come until these masses accept leadership, which must be drawn from the *intelligentsia*. That such leadership is forthcoming and may be eventually accepted, there are already encouraging signs.

Communism is doomed in the country supposed to be inherently Communistic! What we see before us is the spectacle of a nation never well organized and now completely disintegrated, lacking all sufficient leadership—a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country mutely and with inner protest accepting such leadership as there is, fearing worse things. When the peasants found that they were not really to own the land which they had seized, they simply turned their backs on the Bolshevik Government. "The same happened with labour. The new régime did not bring with it the anticipated millenium; improvement of the conditions of life did not set in. On the contrary, these conditions steadily became worse. This caused a great disillusionment among the workingmen and forced many of them to change their views of Bolshevism, weakening in consequence the position of the Government."

There is, then, nothing very wonderful about the present disorganization and paralysis of Russia. There is no occasion, in view of all this, for supposing that the Russian is by nature and by race a lover of anarchy and a creature of perverse thought. There are on the contrary two very striking reasons for thinking quite otherwise. Despite appearances to the contrary, "the Russian people," writes Baron Korff, "have acquired in the new, stronger, and better bonds of family life, a remarkable assurance of a more promising future." Moreover, "private property emerges from the Revolution much better guaranteed and much more stable than ever it was in the Czar's times." It is just in respect to its chief doctrine, the abolition of private property, that Bolshevism has already most conspicuously failed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED